

Dana BĂDULESCU

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VIRGINIA WOOLF

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

JAMES JOYCE

D.H. LAWRENCE



RLY 20TH CENTURY BRITISH FICTION



Dana BĂDULESCU



EARLY 20TH CENTURY BRITISH FICTION

Modernism

Part I

Colecția *Anglo-Saxonica*, 21

Apare cu supervizarea lui Adrian Poruciuc.

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2. Daniela Doboș, *English Special Languages and Nominality*
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Part I



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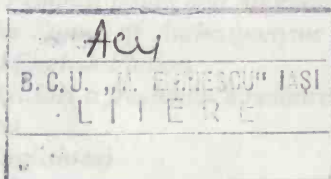
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FOREWORD

This course of lectures in the early 20th century British fiction is conceived as a guide to undergraduate students who read the modernist fiction written by Virginia Woolf, James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence. Let it be accepted as a proviso that no account of British modernist fiction can do without these writers' contributions. → ce & com time luciano

This first part is a survey of the spirit of modernity, its main characteristics and its ideological, cultural, political and social landmarks. Unit I treats these aspects as the background against which new modernist aesthetics evolved. Unit II dwells on the modernist aesthetics underpinning modernist arts. Unit III focuses on Joyce's volume of short stories *Dubliners*, which mixes the traditional modes of realism and naturalism and an original symbolic and epiphanic mode. The Irish writer was to bring this formula to exquisite refinement in his subsequent writings. Unit IV explores the modernist devices and techniques deployed by Virginia Woolf in *Mrs. Dalloway* and James Joyce in *Ulysses*. The novelty sought by Woolf and Joyce in these novels makes the point of the modernist experimental novel. This new type of novel incorporates the new aesthetics and the new theories in physics and psychology, thus reflecting the new spirit of the age and its major issues. Unit V focuses on the modernist art novel illustrated by James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, and D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. → 2nd part 2 units

Besides these aspects, there are two more crucial issues which this account of early 20th century fiction foregrounds. One is the paramount importance of the metropolis as the preferred setting of modernist fiction. It is this new setting that makes a major difference from the Victorian novel. With the labyrinthine web of streets, shops, parks, pubs, the busy traffic and the crowds of people passing as strangers by one another one would find it difficult to imagine that any other setting but the city could stir the perplexity and questioning thoughts troubling the characters' minds in the modernist novel. The cinematic effects of time and space montage and the enthralling sense of complex inner life given by stream of consciousness would be inconceivable against any other backdrop. Thus section 1.2 in Unit I deals with urbanism as a cultural phenomenon that reshaped society, culture and personality, while Unit IV looks into the modernist experimental novel set in the metropolitan environment. Another aspect of modernist fiction foregrounded in this course draws on Roland Barthes's point of "the death of the author" and the implicit birth of the reader as the destination of the text. The point this course aims to make in this sense is that the new apparently inchoate textuality exploring the rather dark regions of the mind and articulated by disjunctive streams calls for a new strategy of reading. This strategy needs to be based on the readers' ability and will to use their own intuition, imagination and to be on a constant lookout for the tiniest details and symbolic illuminations that eventually achieve the

connections suggested by their recurrent use. If first reading or certain levels of reading fail, there are always chances given by re-reading and reading between the lines.

The mottos encapsulate the theses developed in each section and unit. Their role is not simply prefatory; mottos are not just quotations, they are the best passages that crystallise a point. Together with the quotations inserted in the text of this excursion through modernism or grouped in the Annexes, the mottos are an example of the collage/montage technique. They make a sense in the new context in which they are used.

To facilitate students' active and responsive reading, each unit section ends with a "Take Away" or "Task" box. Sections in Unit I are followed by "Take Away" boxes that will make students revise and ponder on what they have read in the respective sections. Units II, III, IV and V are followed by "Task" boxes. "Tasks" are essay writing assignments based on the students' reading of the texts tackled and the issues raised in the units.

References are acknowledged in the "Notes and Comments" and "Bibliography" sections. Some of the notes are explanatory: they are either brief presentations of artists whose works influenced British novelists, or definitions followed by explanations meant to make references to myths or painting techniques easier to follow.

The "Annexes" illustrate the various arguments developed in the five units with quotations from the novels tackled. Annexes are signalled in square brackets whenever a quote is relevant to a particular argument.

A list of pictures is a visual support for the arguments in this course. Plates are indicated in square brackets to make a point of the arguments. This section is a necessary aid also in the sense that it is in the spirit of the interrelations among the arts, which inflamed the modernist artists' imagination.

Dana Bădulescu

November 2005

I. BACKGROUND

While it is true that any age is marked to a certain extent by a sense that things move and change too fast, it is even more true that transformations and shifts at the turn of the 19th and early 20th century, i.e. from the late Victorian world to a world which eventually led into our own occurred at an unprecedented speed.

I.1 SHIFTS OF POWER; AUTHORITY AND CENTRALITY CHALLENGED; SENSE OF CRISIS

"History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake."

James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Immense and often catastrophic shifts of power, both between countries and within them, were the most obvious characteristics of the age (1890-1940). These were accompanied not only by physical suffering but also by a **breakdown of assumptions about stability, certainty, continuity and tradition.** *calura*

ipoteza These shifts caused confusion about **the center and the periphery**, indeed about whether there still were centres, and if there were where these could be located, and about the relation between centres and margins. All these questions failed to get clear answers precisely because shifts of power were shattering centres to pieces and made the relation between centre and periphery *what is the point?* hard to pin down. Of course, this looked like a **crisis**. The fact that the Victorian age had been long and relatively stable, still attached to the principles and values of continuity and tradition, made this sense of crisis feel, sound and look even more rampant in the early 20th century, especially in the aftermath of Queen Victoria's death in 1901, followed by King Edward's death at an interval of only nine years, in 1910, when King George V came to the throne.

Britain was not alone to experience this: in the rest of the Continent and even in the US **previous societies had tended to have a visible centre and to produce centrally located cultures** on a model provided by God as the supreme Authority, and by extrapolation, the monarch as the supreme Authority in human societies. Henceforth, the monarch and the court had been, for centuries, the centre of social systems. As Authority started to be challenged and centrality seriously questioned since the late 19th century, many forms of authority were thrown into question in the early 20th, especially in the 1920s and '30s, because the forces that had given society its shape were changing, often with incredible speed.

In other words, modernity and modernism marked a **paradigm shift from the continuity of tradition to the disruption of novelty**. In *Cinci fețe ale modernității. Modernism, Avangardă, Decadență, Kitsch, Postmodernism (Five Faces of Modernity. Modernism, Avantgarde, Decadence, Kitsch, Postmodernism)*, Matei Călinescu points to the main characteristics of literary modernism. Commitment to

innovation is significantly the head of the list. The other two features, which may be said to mark “the one half of modernity” in Baudelaire’s terms, are in fact related to it. Therefore, the rejection of the authority of tradition and experimentalism complete the picture of **this paradigm of novelty**. Matei Călinescu further argues that this new paradigm led to “the loss of something precious, to the dissolution of a great integrating paradigm, to the fragmentation of what used to be a complete unity.”¹

The thesis of the *Five Faces* is governed by the principle of the double: in other words, the modern is essentially dual, ambiguous. Being a breach in “the great integrating paradigm” which conceived the universe as a seamless unity, the modern is **a mode of contradictions**.

Indeed, modernism contains contradictory elements. On the one hand, for instance, it was **democratic** in its impulses, tilting against the hierarchies that used to sustain historically sanctioned values (such as stability, authority, tradition), and elitist, on the other. In its most radical and impatient forms it even appeared to throw overboard traditional values altogether.

In the mediaeval times, “modernus” was used as an antonym of “antiquus”. “Modernus” was anybody who belonged to the present, while “antiquus” referred to anybody whose name descended from a venerable past. “Antiquitas” stood for the essential uniqueness of tradition, whose continuity had not been broken by the crucial advent of Jesus Christ. This paradigm of continuity could hold only by dint of strong faith, which was **faith in divine authority**. The challenge of this faith came along with the critical spirit of the Renaissance, and acquired even more force when the Romantic thinkers grew aware that the religious spirit was in dissolution. **The myth of God’s death** inflamed the spirit of the Romantics long before Nietzsche made it the main point of his prophetic doctrine. In this respect, Nietzsche (a German poet and philosopher) fathered the profound sense of crisis brought about by **the death of authority** voiced with so much zest by the early 20th century thinkers.

As Matei Călinescu argues, “the crisis of religion gives birth to a **new religion of crisis** (my emphasis), in which – like in the extraordinary anticipatory philosophy of Kirkegaard – all the insoluble contradictions of the Judeo-Christian tradition are simultaneously brought to discussion in order to shake any sense of despair and sufferance.”²

TAKE AWAY

Before you move on to section I.2, consider the following questions:

- what forms of authority did modernity question?
- what is the connection between the challenge of authority and centrality?
- what is the connection between authority, centrality and power?
- why was modernity perceived as an age of crisis?

1.2. URBANISM, PROGRESS AND TECHNOLOGY, INTERNATIONALISM

"Bond Street fascinated her; Bond Street early in the morning in the season; its flags flying; its shops; no splash; no glitter; one roll of tweed in the shop where her father had bought his suits for fifty years; a few pearls; salmon on an iceblock."

Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*

The modern societies of the early 20th century certainly became urban locations, and of course the city was the place where the tempo of modern life was noticeably faster. Since the arts had to reflect on this age of speed and progress, they needed to find techniques able to capture the **blurring contours** that went with speed and a **protean³ panorama** – forms and shapes changing at the same speed. This is why in the first decades of the 20th century the arts focused on the **urban experience**.

As a matter of fact, this experience was part of the changes and shifts that occurred in human societies. One may even talk about a new **"urbanized consciousness"** which was shaped by this new environment. Having to cope with a man-made environment, this consciousness had to face another aspect of crisis and another paradox: to a certain extent, the pastoral or rural spirit persisted as the vestige of a long tradition. Novels written by Virginia Woolf, D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster are informed by a nostalgic feeling for birthplaces in the English countryside. The many factors threatening it, but also a sense that the pastoral is obsolete lend the arts of this period open to ambiguous attitudes. For instance, Clarissa, the key figure of Woolf's novel *Mrs. Dalloway* still feels attached to Bourton after over twenty years of living in England's metropolis, though at the same time she loves London's "motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead." (*M.D.*, p. 6) Peter Walsh, Clarissa's former lover, finds London an essentially civilized place. Peter is a keen observer of the changes that occurred in the city during the five years while he was away in India, and approves of the "splendid achievement" which is, after all, London. In his eyes, life in London is "like the pulse of a perfect heart", with "no fumbling – no hesitation." (*M.D.*, p. 61) To a war veteran like Septimus Warren Smith, Clarissa's "double"⁴, London is an abstract collage of natural elements, reminiscences of Shakespeare's pastoral world coloured by the perceptions of a shell-shocked war veteran in nervous brushes that look like Van Gogh's Postimpressionist paintings⁵: "leaves were alive; trees were alive. And the leaves connected by millions of fibres with his own body, there on the seat, fanned up and down; when the branch stretched he, too, made that statement. The sparrows fluttering, rising, and falling in jagged fountains were part of the pattern; the white and blue, barred with black branches." (*M.D.*, p. 26) [See Plate 1]

It was largely in the concentration of cities – especially metropolises – that the modernist artists found their subject and stimulation. The modern city was seen as a challenge, even as a threat, often a **palimpsest** or a **cipher**, sometimes a **monster**. Its size was hard to embrace, its protean shiftiness hard to capture. It defied order,

and order is essential in art. What the modernist artists tried to capture, therefore, was **their sense of confusion and perplexity** when confronted with the **epitome of chaos – the city**. In *Howards End*, Forster's 1911 novel, the narrative voice broods that "the Earth as an artistic cult has had its day, and the literature of the near future will probably ignore the country and seek inspiration from the town. One can understand the reaction. Of Pan⁶ and the elemental forces, the public has heard a little too much – they seem Victorian, while London is Georgian – and those who care for the earth with sincerity may wait long ere the pendulum swings back to her again. Certainly London fascinates. One visualizes it as a tract of quivering grey, intelligent without purpose, and excitable without love; as a spirit that has altered before it can be chronicled; as a heart that certainly beats, but with no pulsation of humanity. It lies beyond everything: Nature, with all her cruelty, comes nearer to us than do these crowds of men. A friend explains himself: the earth is explicable – from her we came, and we must return to her. But who can explain Westminster Bridge Road or Liverpool Street in the morning – the city inhaling – or the same thoroughfares in the evening – the city exhaling her exhausted air? We reach in desperation beyond the fog, beyond the very stars, the voids of the universe are ransacked to justify the monster, and stamped with a human face." (*H.E.*, Ch. 13, p. 114) In Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, a plane suddenly comes over the trees, "letting out white smoke from behind, which curled and twisted, actually writing something! making letters in the sky!" (*M.D.*, p. 23) Everyone looks up trying to make out the letters, but "the clouds to which the letters E, G, or L had attached themselves moved freely, as if destined to cross from West to East on a mission of the greatest importance which would never be revealed, and yet certainly so it was – a mission of the greatest importance." (*M.D.*, p. 24) The city, which is the very result of technology and progress, baffles the mind. The letters written by the plane in the sky look like undecipherable hieroglyphs. A pair of eyes cannot embrace London, nor can the mind explain its apparent chaos. The modernist artists had to rise to this challenge, attempting to solve their dilemmas through **experiments in artistic form**.

The peculiar characteristics of modernity consist in the **transient and 'fugitive', often ungraspable nature of encounters and impressions made in the city**. The new type of metropolitan personality is the *flâneur* – the stroller, who paces the streets of the city and turns it into the blue-print of his imagination and moods. Clarissa in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* walks along the streets of London on her way to the florist's and wonders: "For Heaven only knows why one loves it [London] so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one, tumbling it, creating it every moment afresh." (*M.D.*, p. 6) Stephen Dedalus, a key character in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) and *Ulysses* (1922), displays a habitual way of going about Dublin, making associations, imposing significances that are private and peculiar to himself. Dublin evokes memories charged with **literary significances** in Stephen's mind, London triggers memories of youth in Clarissa's. While walking about Dublin, "the rainladen trees of the avenue evoked in him [Stephen], as always, memories of the girls and women in the plays of Gerhart Hauptman; and the memory of their pale sorrows and the fragrance falling from the wet branches mingled in a mood of quiet joy." (*A.P.*, p. 190) One may say that the home of the *flâneur* is a labyrinthine web of streets and arcades. He is free to move

about in the city, observing and being observed, but hardly ever interacting with others. [See also Annex 8]

A related figure in the literature of modernity is **the stranger**. Mr. Duffy, the protagonist of Joyce's short story "A Painful Case" (*Dubliners*, 1914) is an emblematic figure of the modern austere recluse who "had neither companions nor friends, church nor creed. He lived his spiritual life without any communion with others, visiting his relatives at Christmas and escorting them to the cemetery when they died." (*Dubliners*, p. 71) One of Baudelaire's prose poems, *Paris Spleen*, is entitled *L'étranger*. It is a short dialogue, in which an 'enigmatic man' is asked what or whom he loves – his father, mother, sister, brother? His friends, his country, beauty, gold? To all these questions he answers in the negative, affirming that he simply loves the passing clouds. However, the stranger is not a man without attachments and involvements. It is only that the type of his attachments and involvements is as new as the environment generating them. Like the passing clouds, the city is of an elusive materiality and of no stable shape; it is shifty, ever changing. Thus the stranger is characterized either by a particular kind of 'inorganic' membership of the group, not having been a member from its beginning, but having settled down in a new place, or sometimes utterly alienated both from the city and from himself. Cases of alienated city dwellers are Mr. Duffy in Joyce's "A Painful Case", Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's *A Portrait*, to some degree also Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's *Ulysses*, Paul Morel especially in the last passages of Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, Leonard Bast in Forster's *Howards End*, Septimus Warren Smith, the shell shocked veteran in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, Rhoda and Louis in Woolf's *The Waves* (1931).

What created this new environment was the rapid pace of industrialization and technological progress. Pastoral societies and life styles were fading out, being replaced by what can be called '**mass societies**' heaped together by money and labour. These were large urban concentrations of millions of people, living in great density and working in factory jobs or other forms of wage labour. This type of society became at once the setting of modern art and often its focus of attack and celebration at the same time. When artists like Joyce, Lawrence, Hemingway, Apollinaire, Beckett, Ionesco started to consciously move to Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Zurich, they found there places which offered themselves as **transnational capitals of an art without frontiers infused with an international spirit**. Since the artists continued to change places they also had a **longing for a centre**. Thus they challenged centres with their marginality, shaking them, exposing their tenuousness, and redrawing both margins and centres until the very notions of **centrality** and **marginality** acquired **modernist configurations**.

TAKE AWAY

Before you move on to section I.3 consider the following questions:

- a) what is the new setting of modern fiction?
- b) what are the main characteristics of this new setting?
- c) what is the new type of personality in modern fiction?
- d) what is the configuration of the modern metropolis?

1.3. VESTIGES OF THE EMPIRE, COLONIALISM, DEMOCRACY, SUFFRAGE, THE "WOMAN QUESTION"

"When he says, as history proves that he has said, and may say again, 'I am fighting to protect our country' and thus seeks to rouse her patriotic emotion, she will ask herself, 'What does "our country" mean to me an outsider?' To decide this she will analyse the meaning of patriotism in her own case. She will inform herself of the position of her sex and her class in the past. She will inform herself of the amount of land, wealth and property in the possession of her own sex and class in the present – how much of 'England' in fact belongs to her."

Virginia Woolf, *Woman and Nationalism*

One of the political aspects that received thematic focus in the late 19th and early 20th century was the **impact of imperialism**. By 1890 Great Britain was at the height of her imperial power and arguments for and against imperialism were widespread. Kipling, Conrad, Joyce and Forster all saw the **imperial situation and colonialism** as central political facts, as Orwell did, a little later.

The first decades of the 20th century marked the fall of the empire and its gradual transformation into a shrinking Commonwealth. After World War I, ideas such as **equality, mass democracy and home rule** challenged imperialism and threw it into question. Between the two World Wars Great Britain called off its dominion in Egypt, declared Ireland's independence and promised India a right to home-rule. Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand – known as "dominions" – gained control over their foreign affairs.

The Waves, Virginia Woolf's seventh novel and the last novel of her most experimental period, suggests **the fall of the empire through its most challenging 'present absence, or else 'absent presence' – Percival**. Many critics have commented on the absence of any inner life in this figure, describing him as an **'absent centre'** of the novel. Indeed, one may say that conveying the character of Percival the way she did Woolf suggested that **centres could no longer hold and empires were collapsing**. Since this is a novel, the oblique reference to the fall of the British Empire is not the only level at which the collapse of centrality can be read. Through this absent centre, and through the deferred centrality of voice in *The Waves*, Woolf suggested that centrality was shattering to pieces at many other levels, of which **meaning** is of uttermost importance. If one cares to correlate the empire as the *signified* element with meaning as *signifier*, then Woolf's (under)statement in *The Waves* will be that **the empire no longer made sense**. This is either because it was growing into an obsolete political form, or because it was undergoing transformations which could no longer be captured and articulated in coherent, logical discourses, or a combination of both. The interpretive endeavour of making sense of the figure of Percival is just one example that makes the point.

The legendary and mythological implications of Percival's name point to an identification of Woolf's character as **'the last of the Grail kings'**, i.e. one of the knights of legend in quest of the "Holy Grail", the chalice supposed to have been used by Jesus Christ at the Last Supper and in which his blood was collected by

Joseph of Arimathea after the crucifixion. This mythological underpinning of Percival's figure can be a basis on which Woolf's 'absent centre' in *The Waves* may acquire still other connotations: Percival has come to be seen by many recent critics as the violent last of the British imperialists, a typical representative of patriarchy and imperialism, and that he is a vestige of the empire, indeed maybe the last one, may account for Woolf's treatment of him as a voiceless 'absent centre' in the novel. He may be seen as a mock-grail hero mocking the very notions of story, legend, and of the presumptive hero who is required to phrase a meaning for one's life. Exiting the scene as he does in the novel by leaving for India (still under Britain's dominion, but not for much longer!) and dying there, Percival leaves an impasse unsolved in Bernard's hands, and Bernard (the novelist in the novel) will struggle to 'sum it up' in the last 50 pages of the novel without coming to any obvious resolution. It is precisely because Percival exists in the novel only through the perceptions of his six friends that his disappearance from the text suggests a crisis. The cultural and political implication of the disappearance of this last 'absent centre' is that he lives and leaves in complete unconscious conformity with his culture and system, which are now collapsing. The textual implication of Percival's disappearance is that he leaves the already de-centred text without giving it the slightest chance to recover at least a potential centre.

James Joyce's ambition was also to question, challenge and upset centrality and authority: the religious authority of the Catholic Church, the political authority of England, and England's cultural authority imposed through language. By questioning these centres of authority, he also challenged the authority of literary norms and conventions. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) and in *Ulysses* (1922), Joyce emphasized that Ireland is its own betrayer. Not only is Mulligan described as a "usurper" in *Ulysses*, but because Stephen Dedalus recognizes his subservient role to Mulligan, he sees himself as "a server of a servant". The old milk woman in the first chapters of *Ulysses*, as a symbol of Ireland, serves "her conqueror [Haines, the Englishman] and her gay betrayer [Mulligan, the Irishman]". Even Stephen's vision of "his own image in cheap dusty mourning [clothes] between their gay attires" suggests how the English and their Irish sympathizers have lined their nests at the expense of the citizens of Ireland, who have been kept in a condition of poverty, numbness and "paralysis". Joyce's refusal to support Irish literary movements, which to his mind were stuck in paralysis and provincialism, makes sense only in this context, Irish art being described in *Ulysses* as "the cracked looking glass of a servant". In a dialogue with Davin, an Irish who supports the Irish cause in *A Portrait*, Stephen asserts that "Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow". (*A.P.*, p. 220)

Joyce's quarrel with the Catholic Church, an oppressive master both in *A Portrait* and in *Ulysses*, appears in Mulligan's parody of the Mass and in Stephen's refusal to kneel and pray by his dying mother's side in *Ulysses*. His sense of outrage over England's abuse of Ireland is reflected in the negative depiction of Haines the Englishman as a "dreadful...ponderous Saxon", who displays his imperial arrogance by saying to Stephen and Mulligan to "pay up and look pleasant" when the old woman presents a bill. In "Aeolus", the seventh chapter of *Ulysses*,

Professor MacHugh turns the conversation to the famous orator John F. Taylor, whose speech, quoted by MacHugh, compares England to the enslaving Egypt and Ireland to the enslaved Israelites.

Leopold Bloom, a key figure in *Ulysses*, defined as a Jew by himself, by his acquaintances, and by the vile anti-Semites like the Citizen in the “Cyclops” episode, is confirmed to be of **dubious ethnicity** in the “Ithaca” episode. In “Circe”, it is revealed that his mother’s maiden name, “Higgins”, was Irish. This is reconfirmed in “Ithaca”, and it is further revealed that his maternal grandmother also had an Irish surname – “Hegarty”. Even if Bloom supposedly had Irish blood, as it is claimed, Talmudic interpretation dictates that Jewish lineage is transferred through distaff line. The evidence given by the Irish names in that line shows that Bloom’s origin is thoroughly gentile (i.e. Christian). Given all these pieces of evidence, it is obvious by now that Bloom’s alleged Jewishness in *Ulysses* is invoked both as a sign of distinctiveness and as a sign of origin – albeit fabricated – supportive of the association Joyce intended to emphasize between the condition of the Israelites as enslaved subjects of the Egyptians and the Irish as enslaved subjects of the British. However, Bloom’s dubious belonging is further complicated by his three baptisms to give his ‘dubiousness’ religious connotations. These anomalies – along with previous paradoxical revelations like his statement in “Eumaeus” that “Christ was a Jew... like me, though in reality I’m not”, which is refuted in “Cyclops”, then made to look confusing only if one considered his ravenous appetite for pork, and his apparent atheism – indicate that Leopold Bloom might be a Jew only by virtue of his father’s name. As a matter of fact, he maintains the maze because he feels he is different and revels in this difference. Consequently, he is defined by the Irish around as Jewish and therefore he defines himself as such, despite his cognizance of the error. This ironical twist and the maze created around the key figure of Bloom in *Ulysses* support **the essential theme of betrayal**, with its political and cultural connotations, in Joyce’s fiction. [See Plate 2]

Joyce’s modernist revolutionary achievement undermined authority, centrality, and their norms and conventions, and, as David Lodge points out in his essay “Joyce’s Choices”, this “was partly a question of language, or languages.”⁷ In “The Dead”, the last piece of *Dubliners*, Gabriel Conroy, the main character, states in an argument with Miss Ivors, the supporter of the Irish cause, that “Irish is not my language”. But for Stephen Dedalus’s statements, which clarify and reinforce the point, this may sound puzzling. One of the most illustrative episodes that can shed light on the matter is Stephen’s conversation with the English Jesuit Dean of Studies in *A Portrait*. There, arguing with the Dean about a word in English, Stephen stops to reflect resentfully: “His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.” (*A.P.*, p. 205) Later, in his diary Stephen writes disdainfully: “That tundish [the word argued] has been on my mind for a long time. I looked it up and find it English and good old blunt English too. Damn the dean of studies and his funnel [the word the Dean used instead!] What did he come here for to teach us his own language or to learn it from us? Damn him one way or the other! (*A.P.*, P. 274) What Stephen realizes here, in the last pages recording his formation as an artist, is that **the**

English language does not belong to the British. This realization "stands [him] now and ever in good stead", supporting his *non serviam* attitude and setting him free from any fettering nets, including those of language. As Lodge argues, "Stephen recognizes that he can use English without succumbing to British cultural imperialism."⁸

The "woman question" was one of the many in the agenda of democracy, a principle that animated the early 20th century. An early feminist writer like Virginia Woolf, for instance, wrote at a time when public acknowledgement of women as citizen subjects was still being sought – the full enfranchisement of women in Britain came only in 1928. However, an artistic feminist enterprise such as Woolf's entails a paradox: the affirmation of the importance and value of "the feminine" could not be expected to shake the normative patriarchal structures to their very roots, for, ironically, it would occur in a space already prepared for it by the intellectual tradition it sought to reject.

Nevertheless it is modernity that Jürgen Habermas credited with the potential "to revolt against the normalizing functions of tradition; modernity lives on the experience of rebelling against all that is normative."⁹ Surely one of the strongest tendencies of modernity and its experimental peak – modernism – was the rejection of ossified tradition, of its authority and its norms and conventions at all levels (social, political, ideological, cultural, aesthetic and artistic). Feminist ideologies and movements, and also feminist aesthetics (like Woolf's) are just one of the many ways in which the modern opposed worn out forms and manifestations of tradition, replacing them with novelty at all levels. Like the modernist, the feminist equated novelty with emancipation and freedom. Being both a modernist and a feminist, Woolf articulated a conception of the ideal, emancipated self, which she presented as an alternative to the oppressive, restricted experience of femininity encountered in her contemporary everyday life. The points she made in her essays, her new aesthetics and her art came as a protest at an unfree, subordinated femininity essential to a feminist outlook.

Even to those puzzled by social and cultural changes, there seemed to be a connection between feminism and modernism. This connection looked rather unsettling since it seemed to be rather vague. When the suffragist movement on both sides of the Atlantic won the struggle to change the Constitution, the visibility and urgency of the feminist cause tended to be overshadowed by other social issues with political implications.

The main problem the feminist adepts had to face was tradition: for many centuries the traditional roles of Western European culture had tended to regard women as passive vs. men as active in a variety of fields, including culture and the arts. In chapter XIX of "The Window" section of Woolf's novel *To the Lighthouse* (1927) this culturally engrained opposition colours Mr. Ramsay's thoughts, who, looking at his wife reading, "wondered what she was reading, and exaggerated her ignorance, her simplicity, for he liked to think that she was not clever, not book-learned at all. He wondered if she understood what she was reading. Probably not, he thought." This domestic episode shows Mr. Ramsay engaged in the act of gazing at his wife, a typical gesture conferring power to the masculine figure. By contrast,

Mrs. Ramsay is the object of her husband's intense gaze, her reading activity rendered null, her role submissive: "She was astonishingly beautiful. Her beauty seemed to him, if that were possible, to increase." (*TTL*, p. 182) Pacing the streets of London and carried away by her free association of thoughts, Clarissa Dalloway is time and again seized by "the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day." Almost as an excuse for this depth of insight, which seems unwomanly, she continues her train of thoughts: "Not that she thought herself clever, or much out of the ordinary. How she had got through life on the few twigs of knowledge Fräulein Daniels gave them she could not think. She knew nothing; no language, no history; she scarcely read a book now, except memoirs in bed." (*M.D.*, p. 11) However, there is a sterling feminine quality both Clarissa Dalloway and Mrs. Ramsay possess, which compensates for everything else they may lack: **intuition**. To Woolf's mind, intuition is infinitely more able to attune the subject to the environment than knowledge by reason, which is men's attribute. This realization is essential to Lily Briscoe's vision in *To the Lighthouse*. Only in the last section of the book does the modernist painter who has struggled for years with men's reminder that "women can't write, women can't paint" realize the feminine legacy left by Mrs. Ramsay: the art of making beautiful moments last. Lily the modernist artist actively engages herself in contradicting the reminder and completes her painting. Charging her abstract design with this significant realization, Lily exclaims "I have had my vision" (my emphasis).

By trying to challenge, question, shake and eventually remake those cultural rules, feminists like Woolf (in Britain) and Gertrude Stein (in the US) worked hard to remake the rules of English syntax and the main principles of what had traditionally passed for the appropriateness of style. Thus aesthetic categories, norms and definitions were not safe with these feminists, and their constant endeavour was a desire to experiment.

TAKE AWAY

Before you move on to section I.4 consider the following questions:

- a). what was the configuration of the political map of the world before the turn of the 19th century?
- b). what changes did the turn of the century bring about?
- c). how were those changes perceived?
- d). what were the main values held by modernity in relation to imperialism and colonialism?
- e). how were these new values reflected in British modernist fiction in terms of cultural affiliations, attitudes to language, style and technique?
- f). what was "the woman question" and how can it be related to modernism?

I.4. THE WAR

"The War had taught him. It was sublime. He had gone through the whole show, friendship, European War, death, had won promotion, was still under thirty and was bound to survive. He was right there. The last shells missed him. He watched them explode with indifference."

Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*

It is beyond any doubt that the war was a major (if not the major) event in the early part of the 20th century. It was major because it was drastically different from the war practised before: no longer an isolated political event, but a world conflagration occurring in two waves with a brief respite of barely two decades in between, those two decades marked by so many economic and political problems that they were in fact an interval when the whole world made preparations for the next war.

In World War I, America lost over 100,000 people through battlefield deaths and effects of disease. The number of deaths suffered by the European countries was even more staggering. Over seven million people perished on both sides. Thus the new form of society called 'mass society' produced a form of mass destruction.

To a very large extent, the war can be held responsible for a growing feeling nourished by almost everybody at that time that a poignantly modern world had come into being. Political and social unrest, insecurity, confusion, and dramatic shifts of power made this modern world look and sound alarmingly threatening and disturbing. Of course, this insistently new (modern) world required "a rejuvenated, modernistic literature for its assimilation."¹⁰

In the very early decades of the 20th century, the First World War was one of the most obviously influential sources the modernist artists had to get to grips with. Virginia Woolf, for instance, talked of the war as being 'a chasm in a smooth road', and her contemporary D.H. Lawrence suggested that one of its consequences was that "there is now no smooth road into the future."

The devastating effects of the war are poignant themes in Woolf's fiction. Thus the first novel of her most experimental period, *Mrs. Dalloway* is concerned in one of its two plot lines with the mental breakdown of a shell-shocked victim of World War I. The term itself had been introduced to the public in 1922 when the Report of the War Office Committee of Enquiry into "Shell-shock" was presented to the British Parliament. Then the report was quoted extensively in the *Times* in August and September 1922, while Septimus Warren Smith, the shell-shocked character in *Mrs. Dalloway*, appears in Woolf's notes in October 1922. Treated as he is, as an epitome of the shell-shocked veteran suffering from delusions and developing an inescapable sense of guilt, Septimus stands for the thousands of war victims of his own kind.

★ To the *Lighthouse*, Woolf's next novel after *Mrs. Dalloway*, reinforces the theme of war in a very subtle way at a structural and stylistic level. Her 1927 novel falls into three sections: "two blocks joined by a corridor", a powerfully suggestive

figure that holds together in one image the main themes of the book. The “corridor” section is equally suggestively titled “Time Passes”, and indeed it looks like ‘a chasm in a smooth road’, paradoxically uniting and separating the other two blocks at the same time. “Time Passes” is actually articulated by Woolf as a vision of cosmic destruction, where the war acquires cosmic proportions. Time (a period of ten years) is compressed in this section to look like one night’s bad dream, while space and its devastated looks invade the scene: “The nights now are full of wind and destruction; the trees plunge and bend and their leaves fly helter skelter until the lawn is plastered with them and they lie packed in gutters and choke rain pipes and scatter damp paths.” Septimus, the shell-shocked veteran in *Mrs. Dalloway*, contemplates the possibility that **“the world itself is without meaning”** (*M.D.*, p. 98) because the war changed his perception drastically, and the entire “Time Passes” section in *To the Lighthouse* is an amplified echo of that thought and a gloss on this possibility against the background of the painfully naked trees and tossing waves: “Almost it would appear that it is useless in such confusion to ask the night those questions as to what, and why, and wherefore, which tempt the sleeper from his bed to seek an answer.” (*TTL*, p. 193)

It is obvious that “Time Passes”, with its war associations, is a crack in the design of Woolf’s book just as war is in history. Randall Stevenson argues that “such bleak disjuncture of the parts of *To the Lighthouse* helps to indicate the sense of separation from the Edwardian era some novelists felt after the war. Such feelings may account for the vehemence of the rejection, by Woolf and others, of the work of ‘the most prominent and successful novelists in the year 1910.’”¹¹

TAKE AWAY

Before you move on to section I.5 consider the following questions:

- why was the modern war radically different from wars waged in the past?
- how can you relate this new type of war to the new type of society?
- how did modern war affect individuals, their outlook and perceptions?

1.5. THE SELF, ALIENATION, EXPERIMENTATION; THE MODERNIST ARTIST

"By day and by night he moved among distorted images of the outer world. A figure that had seemed to him by day demure and innocent came towards him by night through the winding darkness of sleep, her face transfigured by a lecherous cunning, her eyes bright with brutish joy. Only the morning pained him with its dim memory of dark orgiastic riot, its keen and humiliating sense of transgression."

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

It is no wonder that in this climate the self felt insecure and alienated to the point of developing an almost paranoid anxiety. What else but alienation did Gertrude Stein mean when she told Hemingway that he and his fellow writers were 'a lost generation'? T.S. Eliot, a modernist writing for both sides of the Atlantic, expressed the same sense of alienation when he spoke of "a pair of ragged claws/Scuttling across the floors of silent seas", or that "we are in rats' alley/Where the dead men lost their bones", or that "at my back in a cold blast I hear/The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear" in *The Waste Land*.

Much of the sense of futility, loss and alienation articulated by T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, E.M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, etc. came from the experience of war, colonialism, and the changes they brought about. The loss of social purpose, heightened by the feeling of absurdity when confronted with the inhuman practices on the battlefields and the "efficiency" of such lethal means as poison gas and motorized armaments, resulted in people's acute sense of alienation in the post-war (actually inter-war) years. Any notion that war contained chivalrous elements and tested bravery, or that there was any way in which it could be used to advance the causes of progress and civilization, could no longer hold in the face of mass destruction. Hence Ezra Pound spoke of the aftermath of World War I by describing civilization as "an old bitch gone in the teeth"; Hemingway, who had a first-hand experience of the war on various fronts, objected to the use of big and noble words such as 'glory' and 'honour', feeling that patriotism and duty and noble feelings had been corrupted by the uses to which they had been put by those who managed the war machines of the modern age. Septimus Warren Smith, the war victim in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, expresses the same sense of futility and alienation when he thinks to himself that "the world itself is without meaning" or that Shakespeare, the writer that used to inspire him in his early youth, actually "loathed humanity – the putting on of clothes, the getting of children, the sordidity of the mouth and the belly!" Septimus has been changed for ever by his war experience, and it is significant that now the whole European cultural tradition and literary heritage are to him as spiteful as modern everyday life: "The secret signal that one generation passes, under disguise, to the next is loathing, hatred, despair. Dante the same. Aeschylus (translated) the same." (*M.D.*, p. 98) Thus Septimus, marked as he is by the most terrible scar of modernity (the war), may be seen as the epitome of the modern individual whose self has fallen to pieces. In the novel he is "the eternal scapegoat"¹², the eternal sufferer." (*M.D.*, p.29)

Although the modernists on both sides of the Atlantic never really saw themselves as a school, all can be seen as sticking together in the attempt to **'invent a new literature'** different in style and technique from the works of their predecessors. This **'new literature'** had to capture this sense of confusion, loss, despair, anxiety, loneliness and alienation caused by so many aspects of modernity. In the US Ezra Pound is generally regarded as the chief spokesperson for experimentation. His famous slogan, **'Make It New'**, was often quoted by many writers who agreed with its premises and aims.

In Britain the novelty modernism was supposed to effect found a strong advocate in Virginia Woolf. In her essay "Modern Fiction" (1919), followed by "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" (1924), Woolf firmly delineated her own priorities as a writer. "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" can be considered one of the most influential literary manifestos of literary modernism. It is here that Virginia Woolf proclaims that:

*"...in or about December 1910 the human character changed."*¹³

Woolf's essay argues with a tradition deemed to be obsolete and ossified. She identifies the representatives of that ossified tradition in her immediate predecessors, "the most prominent and successful novelists in the year 1910... Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy", whom she puts in what she calls **"the Edwardian camp"**.

The philosophical underpinning of Woolf's point is the nature of **"reality"**:

*"But now I must recall what Mr. Arnold Bennett says. He says that only if the characters are real that the novel has any chance of surviving. Otherwise, die it must. But, I ask myself, what is reality? And who are the judges of reality? A character may be real to Mr. Bennett and quite unreal to me."*¹⁴

The militant, revolutionary and prophetic tone of the whole essay (originally a paper read to the Heretics, Cambridge) makes it clear who the more entitled judges of **"reality"** are: **the Georgians**, of course, **the new wave of writers**, who are far better equipped to perceive the **"reality"** of **"that overwhelming and peculiar impression"** given by a character, or rather the **"myriads of irrelevant and incongruous ideas"** crowding **"into one's head"** on every occasion when character needs to be captured.

It is obvious that Woolf's quarrel with the Edwardian novelists focuses upon **their realist method**, which she deems to be faithful to the perceived, objective world at the expense of the process of perception itself and the perceiver engaged in it. To her, these realists are pitiable **materialists** engaged in an **"enormous labour of proving the solidity, the likeness of life, of the story."** She also argues that the Edwardians **"have laid and enormous stress upon the fabric of things."**

In an argument typical of the quarrel between **"les anciens et les modernes"**, using a rhetoric which makes the territory of the text a metaphoric battlefield, Woolf opposes the **"Edwardian camp"** of Bennett, Wells and Galsworthy to **"the**

Georgian camp". She mentions E.M. Forster, D.H. Lawrence, Lytton Strachey, James Joyce and T.S. Eliot as "warriors" of the Georgian camp.

If the date of the "change" looks curiously exact, one has to remember that King Edward VII had died in May 1910, and – maybe more significantly – that the first Post-Impressionist exhibition had opened in London in November that year. The early signals of the change heralded by Woolf are Samuel Butler's 1903 novel *The Way of All Flesh* and the plays of George Bernard Shaw. The comparison of the Victorian cook with the Georgian cook is a way of pinpointing the social shifts that had occurred:

"I am not saying that one went out, as one might into a garden, and there saw that a rose flowered, or that a hen had laid an egg. The change was not sudden and definite like that. But a change there was, nevertheless; and, since one must be arbitrary, let us date it about the year 1910. /.../ In life one can see the change, if I may use a homely illustration, in the character of one's cook. The Victorian cook lived like a leviathan¹⁵ in the lower depths, formidable, silent, obscure, inscrutable; the Georgian cook is a creature of sunshine and fresh air; in and out of the drawing-room, now to borrow the Daily Herald, now to ask advice about a hat. Do you ask for more solemn instances of the power of the human race to change?"¹⁶

Woolf makes the significant remark that "when human relations change there is at the same time a change in religion, conduct, politics, and literature", and reinforces the date. According to Woolf in this essay, the prevailing sound of the Georgian age is "breaking and falling, crashing and destruction". Signs of these are everywhere apparent in literature, where "grammar is violated; syntax disintegrated". In her account, this is also "a season of failures and fragments", which is an interesting echo of Forster's leitmotif of "panic and emptiness" in *Howards End* and which grew into an image of cosmic destruction in Part II "Time Passes" of *To the Lighthouse*. The same apocalyptic image haunts Louis and Rhoda in *The Waves*. The "spasmodic, the obscure, the fragmentary, the failure" are inevitably part of the revolutionary change encapsulated by Woolf in the prophetic statement that concludes the essay:

"We are trembling on the verge of one of the great ages of English literature."¹⁷

The figure of the modernist artist is an important element in this picture. To affirm that the artist is the protagonist would probably not be an exaggeration. In his 1916 novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, James Joyce has his mouthpiece Stephen Dedalus sketch the stance of the artist, who, in Stephen's words:

"like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." (A.P., p. 233)

The decision Stephen makes in the last pages of *A Portrait* is to "go away", i.e. to leave Ireland. Cranly, his interlocutor, remembers what Stephen said once about the freedom of the artist:

"To discover the mode of life or of art whereby your spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom." (A.P., P. 267)

Stephen reinforces his artistic stance by a daring, **Luciferic non serviam** attitude:

"I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use – silence, exile, and cunning." (A.P., pp. 268-269)

Stephen's stance in *A Portrait* draws on **romantic impulses**. Very early in his life, Stephen has the courage to affirm that to his mind Byron, the prototype of the Romantic poet, is also the greatest poet, although he makes this firm statement under the pressure of being bullied by his colleagues and facing physical threat.

In his essay "Joyce's Choices", David Lodge argues that "Joyce often pushed the analogy between himself as artist and Christ to the point of blasphemy." Emphasizing the modernist artist's complex and contradictory nature, Lodge shows that Joyce "also compared himself to Lucifer, especially in reference to his apostasy from the Catholic faith. 'I am not afraid to make a mistake,' Stephen says to Cranly in *A Portrait*, 'even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity too.'"¹⁸ Lodge goes on to make further comments on Joyce's own pride, arrogance and self-confidence. Let it be admitted that all those were Luciferic traits of an artist who felt, since very young, that he had an extraordinary potential stifled by a society that he deemed to be paralysed in provincialism. Hence his rejection of the Irish Revival and his desire to connect to the European modernist movement in art and ideas. [Plate 3]

In his Introduction to *A Portrait*, Seamus Deane writes that "when Stephen takes flight, he is leaving behind not only Ireland but also the nineteenth-century novel and its elaborate apparatus." Deane also argues that Joyce's title is ironical in the same modernist spirit since "Joyce's irony is not directed at Stephen's youth, but at the first word in his title and, thereby, at the underlying assumption in literature (and art) which he so potently undermined."¹⁹ The underlying assumption Joyce undermines through his persona in *A Portrait* is the traditional assumption that art is a representational, mimetic form; opposing and inverting this assumption, Stephen pleads for a **symbolic, epiphanic mode**. In "Joyce's Choices" Lodge shows that Joyce's "mature symbolist prose style" relies on the **epiphanies** in his earlier works *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait*, which he calls "exercises". In Lodge's account, Joyce's epiphanies "encapsulate his idea of the quasi-sacramental nature of the artistic process, the mysterious transubstantiation of quotidian reality into something permanent and transcendent. The crucial feature of the Joycean epiphany is that it embraces vulgarity as well as the sublime, the spoken as well as the written word."²⁰

Stephen's stance in *A Portrait* may stand for the prototypical stance of the modernist artist. Indeed, one may agree with Lodge when he states that "for Joyce, the aesthetic was the religious."²¹ In the last pages of *A Portrait* Stephen prays for his artistic mission with religious fervour, and his mission embraces both the religious and the political from a historic perspective (i.e. the political situation of his nation), transfiguring and transcending them. His romantic aloofness, his "silence, exile, and cunning" are characteristic features of the modernist artist as marginalized by society, less understood but a lot more sensitive, even more heroic, than the average person. Was then modernism merely a bankrupt form of romanticism? Was modernism's glorification of the artist a form of self-serving grandiosity that only masked a deeply felt social despair?

Attempts to answer these questions may lead to a discussion of very complex issues that may complicate the answers, but at least this much is obvious: never before had artists been so **self-conscious** of their art, its problems and its impasse. As a matter of fact, this became the subject matter of the modernist novel. Joyce's *A Portrait* discusses aesthetic issues which shed light on Joyce's modernist art; Bernard, the novelist within the novel in Woolf's *The Waves*, poses troubling questions Woolf herself had to struggle with; Philip Quarles, the novelist within the novel in Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* (1928) keeps a notebook in which he jots down reflections about issues Huxley himself found new and challenging. All these writers were bored by realist linear narrative and wrote **novels that tended to depart from the novel form by getting as close as possible to other literary genres, be those poetry or drama, and to other art forms, be those painting, sculpture, the cinema or music.** All this entailed the modernist artists' commitment to breaking away from both patterned responses and predictable forms. The result was an **iconoclastic mixture of genres, keys, modes and art forms.**

Although their stances may look grandiose, and indeed they are so to a certain extent, although they often tried to keep their art from turning into something stale or trite by making it highbrow instead, many modernist artists avoided grandiosity and pompous themes, focusing on the artist's/character's individual perceptions and celebrating the ordinary textures and rhythms of life in an extraordinary way. Thus Woolf's ambition was to record the workings of "an ordinary mind on an ordinary day", receiving "myriads of impressions", making digressions and involuntary free associations. Joyce also recorded the workings of his characters' minds, their thoughts ranging from the most trivial to the most sophisticated. Indeed, Joyce let the quotidian enter so much in *Ulysses* that the novel stirred scandal and was banned both in Britain and in the US on account of alleged 'obscenity'. In the US the ban lasted eleven years to be eventually lifted only in 1933. In his *Monumental Decision of the United States District Court Rendered December 6, 1933, By Hon. John M. Woolsey Lifting the Ban on "Ulysses"*, United States District judge John M. Woolsey wrote:

"Joyce has attempted – it seems to me, with astonishing success – to show how the screen of consciousness with its ever-shifting kaleidoscopic impressions carries, as it were on a plastic palimpsest, not only what is in the focus of each man's observation of actual things about him, but also in a penumbral zone residua of past

impressions, some recent and some drawn up by association from the domain of the subconscious. He shows how each of these impressions affects the life and behavior of the character he is describing.

What he seeks to get is not unlike the result of a double or, if that is possible, a multiple exposure on a cinema film which would give a clear foreground with a background visible but somewhat blurred and out of focus in varying degrees." (*Ulysses*, p. XI)

In his plea, the judge brings forward the argument of the sincerity Joyce put in his effort to show exactly how the minds of his characters operate on various planes simultaneously. Woolsey shows that this **cinematic effect** was achieved through a technique that required Joyce to be artistically faithful and loyal to it. The judge further argues that it was because Joyce "has honestly attempted to tell fully what his characters think about, that he has been the subject of so many attacks and that his purpose has been so often misunderstood and misrepresented. For his attempt sincerely and honestly to realize his objective has required him incidentally to use certain words which are generally considered dirty words and has led at times to what many think is a too poignant preoccupation with sex in the thoughts of his characters." (*Ulysses*, pp. XI-XII)

It is obvious that Woolsey had the capacity to attune his judgely assessment to **Joyce's self-conscious modernist achievement in *Ulysses***. It is equally obvious that what society often treasured as its central beliefs – in decency, in the necessity for hard work and the kind of work one was supposed to undertake, in the desirability of order and respect – was what the modernist artist and modernist art called into question. In this sense, Lodge invokes a story very all known to all students of Joyce. The story goes that one day in Zurich, when he was writing *Ulysses*, he met a friend in the street and told him that he had been working all day and had produced only two sentences. The friend's question came naturally: "You have been seeking the right words?", followed by Joyce's reply: "No, I have the words already. What I am seeking is the perfect order of words in the sentences I have." Lodge's comment is that "this little anecdote epitomizes Joyce's approach to his craft: total commitment, infinite patience, utter confidence in his own judgement. He constructed his entire literary career on the principle by which he composed those sentences. Each book was perfect of its kind, each one was different from the one before, each a more ambitious exploration of the possibilities of language."²²

The artists' struggle for freer expression and their commitment to it was what modernism held most at stake. **Free expression** was a principle which had to operate on various levels, often simultaneously: to various degrees, all the modernists were taboo breakers in sexual, social, political, aesthetic and stylistic matters. Joyce does not stand alone; there are very strong notes of feminist emancipation and also lesbianism in Woolf's fiction, and those notes are struck by a daring deployment of interior monologue and stream of consciousness, where, in her own words, "grammar is violated; syntax disintegrated"; there are poignant notes of sexual emancipation and freedom, and also homosexual undertones in Lawrence's novels, which, like Joyce's, were banned on this account, though compared to

Woolf's and Joyce's experiments Lawrence's techniques do not look so daring; Huxley's revolutionary achievement was what he called the "**musicalisation of fiction**", a technique which aimed to capture the complexity of modern life and experience, with its sense of crisis, conflict, futility, loss and despair; Forster, generally regarded as the least experimental writer of his generation, still struck notes of homosexuality and voiced his worries in the face of the challenge of the modern times with a reserve resulting in obliquity and deferred meaning.

Being committed to such expression, modernist artists found themselves pursuing one form or other of **exile**, in short they acted out **one of the impulses of modernism**. Joyce, an Irishman with a cosmopolitan spirit, and Lawrence, the only indisputably major English writer of the early 20th century who came from the working class, actually lived in exile, while to Woolf, one of "the daughters of educated men"²³, E. M. Forster, a homosexual, and even to Huxley, a "noncongenital" writer, exile translated as a sense of confinement within the boundaries of their society and culture. Irrespective of the form of exile they embraced, all these writers – without any exception – opened themselves up to Continental values, ideas and ideologies. **The Bloomsbury Group**, of which both Woolf and Forster were members, scandalized the complacent ladies and gentlemen of the stiff establishment, inspired as they were by French Post-Impressionism. Thus Virginia Woolf recalls in her memoir:

✂ *"The Post-Impressionist movement had cast – not its shadow but its bunch of variegated lights upon us. We bought poinsettias made of scarlet plush; we made dresses of the printed cotton that is especially loved by negroes; we dressed ourselves up as Gauguin²⁴ pictures and careered round Crosby Hall. Mrs. Whitehead was scandalized. She said that Vanessa and I were practically naked."*²⁵

Apart from Post-Impressionism, the early 20th century British artists were highly responsive to various Continental influences. The novelists looked up at Russian writers like Chekhov and Tolstoy; in fact, these were seen as models by Virginia Woolf in her essay "Modern Novels" (see "Modern Fiction") because "they see further than we [the British] do and without our gross impediments of vision."²⁶ Woolf's and Joyce's tendency to mix the various strands of memory, anticipation, and present thought into a fluid stream of consciousness can be – and has been seen in association with similar innovations undertaken by their contemporary French writer Marcel Proust.²⁷ Woolf's *The Waves* has been read in connection with Schönberg's music²⁸ and Stravinsky's ballets.²⁹ Huxley's idea of putting a novelist in the novel to comment about the problems Huxley himself had to sort out when he wrote *Point Counter Point* has often been discussed in connection with André Gide's *Les faux monnayeurs*³⁰, a novel Forster tackles in terms of "an onslaught on the plot" in *Aspects of the Novel*.³¹

This newly found **ideal of artistic internationalism** is another "symptom" of the profound change undergone by the British arts in the early 20th century. **Trans-culturalism**, or else **internationalism** or **cosmopolitanism** is another aspect typifying the paradigm of modernism, marking a shift from the politicized geography of the glorious British Empire of the Victorian age, through its

dissolution in the Edwardian period, to the de-centralised **cultural re-mapping** “*from one bohemia to another*” in a world losing its old political frontiers and permeated by a new spirit of artistic freedom. Malcolm Bradbury makes a very clear point of it when he argues that “the Modern movement was in essence an international affair, founded on exile, the movements of the arts, ideas and forms from one bohemia to another.”³² Bradbury’s reference to exile as a form of boundary-free artistic expression is reinforced by still other critics who treat exile and free border-crossing as a typically modernist cultural phenomenon. Therefore the artists themselves, epitomized by figures like Lawrence, Joyce, Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Apollinaire, Beckett, Ionesco, etc. became emblems of what Bradbury calls “**a mood of rebellious welfare**” directed against old canons and paradigms.

TAKE AWAY

Before you move on to section II consider the following questions:

- a). how can you relate the new sense of alienation to the shifts and changes brought about by modernity, the new sense of crisis and the war?
- b). what are the main features of the modernist artist?
- c). why did the modernist artist choose exile?
- d). how did exile shape the metropolis?

II. MODERNIST AESTHETICS: ICONOCLASM; IMPRESSIONISM; POST-IMPRESSIONISM; GENRE-BOUNDARY BREAKING; COLLAGE/MONTAGE; "THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR" AND THE BIRTH OF THE READER

"The more one looks the more do these dispersed indications begin to play together, to compose rhythmic phrases which articulate the apparent confusion, till at last all seems to come together to the eye into an austere and impressive architectural construction, which is all the more moving in that it emerges from this apparent chaos."

Roger Fry, Cézanne

In *Introduction to English Fiction of the Early Modern Period*, Douglas Hewitt quotes the definition of Modernism in the *Fontana Dictionary of Modern Thought*:

*"Modernism (or "the modern movement") has by now acquired stability as the comprehensive term for an international tendency, arising in the poetry, fiction, drama, music, painting, architecture and other arts of the West in the last years of the 19th century and subsequently affecting the character of most 20th century art. The tendency is usually held to have reached its peak just before or soon after World War I, and there is some uncertainty about whether it still persists or a subsequent age of style has begun...As a stylistic term, modernism contains and conceals a wide variety of smaller movements...A number of these movements contain large theoretical differences among themselves, but certain stylistic similarities... Modernism had a high aesthetic, and can be seen as a movement attempting to preserve the aesthetic realm against intellectual, social and historical forces threatening it...Its forms, with their elements of fragmentation, introversion and crisis, have sometimes been held to register the collapse of the entire tradition of the arts in human history...the modernist arts require, for their comprehension, criteria different from those appropriate to earlier art."*³³

Picking on the last lines of the definition and trying to relate them to statements made by British novelists of the early 20th century, one finds their best correlation in Woolf's essays "Modern Fiction" and "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown".

Woolf starts her argument in "Modern Fiction" by saying that there is no progress in literature, only difference. If the works of the past seem complete and smooth in a way that contemporary works do not, that is only a matter of perspective, or maybe rather an illusion of perspective. Woolf's criticism of the way in which Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy represent "life" leads to one of the most famous poetic passages she ever wrote:

*"Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions – trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms, composing in their sum what we might venture to call life itself; and to figure further as the semi-transparent envelope, or luminous halo, surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end."*³⁴

Woolf argues that "the chief task of the novelist" is "to convey this incessantly varying spirit" with "as little admixture of the alien and external as possible." The novelist who serves her as the best example of this **impressionistic way of capturing reality** is James Joyce. With this example in mind, she urges her contemporaries:

*"Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness."*³⁵

This impressionistic method of recording "reality" is the best technique that presents itself because it does justice to a new *Zeitgeist* (i.e. spirit of time), namely that of **focusing on one's perception of it**. To Woolf's mind, the realists' concentration upon "the fabric of things" and their solidity is **materialistic**, while in contrast to them Joyce is **spiritual**, "concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its myriad messages through the brain."³⁶ Therefore, what distinguishes the modernist writers from the previous generation is their **interest in "the dark places of psychology"**, an interest that has developed under the profound influence of Russian writers such as Chekhov.

Many critics writing on Woolf, on the history of the novel or on modernism have singled out "Modern Fiction" for particular attention. Some have noted that the passage on "life itself" bears some similarity to the passage referring to "stream of consciousness" in William James's *Principles of Psychology*.

"Modern Fiction" is usually read in connection with "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown", and both essays are anthologized and currently quoted in any accounts of modernism for a number of reasons. In the first place, they shed light on Woolf's own fiction. Secondly, they make a convincing and quotable point of the revolutionary nature of modernism. Thirdly, they map out modernism, naming its representatives. It is also very significant that they provide a brief account by a novelist of modernist aesthetics in the novel and how "stream of consciousness" is envisaged. In other words, they are landmarks of a rarity value. This is so because it is far easier to find general statements about modernist poetry made by poets like Pound, Eliot, Yeats, and others, but few novelists proclaimed a modernist aesthetic. Joyce refrained himself from making general statements, Conrad was seldom specific, Lawrence was specific, but he was not interested in defining aesthetics. By contrast, Woolf wrote about her own fictional technique, and about the necessity that her contemporary writers should invent new techniques in order to do justice to the changes in society and to the new perception of human nature. In short,

as Douglas Hewitt argues, she produced "exactly what was needed in the way of Modernism which will implicitly suggest that it is comprehensive."³⁷

"The Mark on the Wall", a very short text published in 1917, is another excellent example of the techniques Woolf developed later in her longer fiction, but also of how a **modernist text blurs genre boundaries** and how it **practises a form of narcissism by contemplating its own making**. Usually referred to as a sketch, "The Mark on the Wall" may as well read as a meditation or as an essay; it is creative writing, looking like patchwork, but at the same time it scrutinizes its own stitches, and probably the best term to call it – in absence of a better one – is **text**.

"The Mark on the Wall" illustrates an aesthetic principle frequently used by Woolf in her fiction, whereby a visual image can take apparently disparate elements of thought and organize them into a harmonious whole. However, the whole does not look so harmonious at first sight: the thoughts and impressions invading the mind in "The Mark on the Wall" are a flow, or rather a cascade, given the alert tempo of the piece. The piece actually looks like a "piecing together" of scraps of memory, blurry glimpses into the future, and fleeting presents which soon fade out in memory time – a vague temporal reference. This **vagueness** is what the first paragraphs foreground, the opening word being "perhaps", which sets the key. The whole key is **impressionistic**, highly visual, relying on **effects of chiaroscuro**³⁸, blurring contours, suggesting shadows and shifting, melting forms to support the uncertainty and relativity of everything, and above all the limitations of knowledge by reason. To Woolf, knowledge by reason is a form of solidity, and **solidity** was what she questioned and resented most. As a matter of fact, the impressionistic effects are based on a modernist **iconoclastic**³⁹ aesthetic which pulled down the idols of solidity and what she called "materialism", breaking the confining frames of shape, clear contour and outline, and also the frames of reason to pieces. It is those pieces she ponders about in "The Mark on the Wall" – and those are the vestiges of the Victorian past, which the new aesthetics tear apart.

"The Mark on the Wall" is a poetic-essayistic prose in which Woolf looks forward not only to her own novels, but also adumbrates the ideas she developed in "Modern Novels" (better known as "Modern Fiction"). Thus it is here that she broods poetically about how false and superficial solidity is, and how boring linearity is, contemplating a state of being which should be free from those constraints. She calls this state "thinking spaciouly", and "The Mark on the Wall" is a sample of "**spacious thinking**" as opposed to the gross materialism of logic, reason and linearity. Like her novels, only at a smaller scale, this text is a **fluid space of reflections**, a meandering flux of impressions received by the narrator's mind, freely associated, rendered in the apparently random order in which they come, and then go, running into one another. In one of the first passages of the text, Woolf pleads for the importance of these reflections in the novelists' arts:

"Novelists of the future will realize more and more the importance of these reflections. Those are the phantoms they will pursue, leaving the description of reality more and more out of their stories."

James Joyce was one of those novelists, who looked within for "those phantoms". In *Stephen Hero* he took pains to develop a **theory of epiphanies**:

"By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself. He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments. He told Cranly that the clock of the Ballast Office was capable of an epiphany. Cranly questioned the inscrutable dial of the Ballast Office with no less inscrutable countenance.

'Yes,' said Stephen, 'I will pass it time after time, allude to it, catch a glimpse of it. It is only an item in the catalogue of Dublin's furniture. Then all at once I see it and I know at once what it is: epiphany.'

'What?'

'Imagine my glimpses at that clock as the gropings of a spiritual eye which seek to adjust its vision to an exact focus. The moment the focus is reached the object is epiphanised. It is just in this epiphany I find the third, the supreme quality of beauty.'

In the chapter dedicated to Joyce in *The New Pelican Guide to English Literature*, Arnold Kettle remarks that "this passage and the whole, more highly-wrought discussion of aesthetics in *A Portrait of the Artist* is worth reading in conjunction with Virginia Woolf's well-known essays on modern fiction and worth considering too in relation to the aims and achievements of contemporary French painting."⁴¹ What both Joyce and Woolf had in common with French painting is **the impressionistic mode**. The essential characteristic of impressionism is its change of emphasis from the thing perceived to **the process of perception**. An impressionist painter like Claude Monet, for instance, took the west front of Rouen Cathedral as an unchanging objective constant: the inconstant, however, and the more difficult to represent, was his own perceptual experience. In the twenty paintings of that site that resulted, we have a new kind of painting which reveals **the nature of perception, rather than the nature of the thing perceived**. [see Plates 4, 5, 6] What Joyce and Woolf did was to translate this new aesthetic principle into their art: since their medium was language, they rendered the process of perception through a pursuit of their characters' "reflections" in the fluid grammar of their novels. That grammar, which did away with institutionalized rules and norms, is **stream of consciousness**.

Another characteristic of impressionism is **the breaking of frames**. Instead of being windows through which the beholders look, impressionistic paintings like Monet's "Nymphéas" dispensed with frames altogether. In "Nymphéas", Claude Monet extended the dimensions of his canvases laterally until they completely filled the field of vision, curving the pictures round, and finally entirely surrounding the spectators, who find themselves immersed in the world of the painting. [See Plate 7] Woolf and Joyce, and to a certain extent D. H. Lawrence, achieved something similar to this in their fiction. Instead of giving the readers the impression that there is solidity to their characters and their world, Woolf and Joyce desolidified the solid

world, "the fabric of things" in order to capture "the flickerings of that innermost flames which flashes its myriad messages through the brain", while D. H. Lawrence objected to the idea that there is "a certain moral scheme" into which a character fits, aiming to capture, instead, the essence behind the mask and behind all the layers that make a person. Lawrence also saw that there is more to it than that: the self, stripped bare of all its solid garments, lives in connection with the cosmos through threads that are beyond awareness, i.e. instinctively. This truth seems to have been stifled by the solid notion of "moral scheme", and that was another form of solidity Lawrence constantly undermined.

David Dowling argues that "Expressionist and Impressionist, what painting of the Modern period has in common (to simplify rather crudely) is a sense of the living canvas, implying a sense of the living viewer living with the painting. This development thus brought painting closer to the temporal world of literature in a way undreamt of by Horace [with his 'locus classicus' *ut pictura poesis*] or indeed Lessing [in *Laocoon*]."⁴²

Virginia Woolf, a pivotal figure of Bloomsbury, a Group of artists keen on novelty and experimentation, made explicit statements of her desire to use the innovative techniques of modernist painting in her literary experiments. Thus, after a visit to the National Gallery in 1918, she wrote:

*"I see why I like pictures; it's as things that stir me to describe them... I insist (for the sake of my aesthetic soul) that I don't want to read stories or emotions or anything of the kind in them; only pictures that appeal to my plastic sense of words make me want to have them for still life in my novel."*⁴³

Woolf's "aesthetic soul" urged her to wish to be a painter, like Vanessa, her sister, whom she complimented on a new canvas which was 'firm as marble and ravishing as a rainbow', an echo – it seems – of her own image of the ideal fiction, 'granite and rainbow'. Her diary entries are full of associations between painting and literature, her desire to be 'a painter' (in words, of course) is renewed many times, and in many instances her being a painter in fancy echoes the aesthetics she articulated in her essays on fiction:

*"If I were a painter I should make a picture that was globular; semi-transparent...curved shapes, showing the light through, but not giving a clear outline."*⁴⁴

James Joyce sought a desolidification of the "fabric of things" through the 'translation' of various techniques of painting and music in the new evanescent 'fabric' of his texts. Since early in his literary career, he theorized epiphany, a radical departure from the solidity and objectivity which had been the principles of realist fiction. Thus, the calculated effect of the last piece of *Dubliners*, his first published volume, was **the desolidification of the objective, material world**. If "The Dead" starts and continues for most of its part in a realistic key, tinged with notes of naturalism, with a very keen, almost 'surgical', attention to details like social environment and atmosphere, social relations and intercourse, solid details

like rooms and furniture, that is only to shift that key in a pre-epiphanic moment. The moment when Gabriel Conroy catches sight of his wife Greta listening to distant music upsets the realism of the previous pages of "The Dead", and also the realistic mode of the stories preceding it. The pages of "The Dead" following this glimpse are infused with the vibration of music, which triggers the last significant moment of the plot, Gabriel's epiphany. Music inspires the shift, and lends its vibrations to the key, and modernist painting – the vision Gabriel has and his wish to paint his wife's romantic posture – lends its techniques of blurred contours and vibrating colours to Joyce's text:

"He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of. If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. Distant music he would call the picture if he were a painter." (Dubliners, p. 143)

The effects of this musicalised key grow in intensity, and in the very last pages recording Gabriel's epiphany the most impressive effect is reached: all the elements of the material world, even the material carcasses of the self, melt and dwindle away:

"His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling." (Dubliners, p. 152)

Although Joyce did not choose to make general statements in matters of aesthetics, what he chose instead was to embed those statements in his first published novel, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. His choice was revolutionary:

A Portrait may be considered the text which gave subsequent writers the go-ahead to experiment with the incorporation of aesthetics and literary theory within the novel. Thus a new kind of novel came into being: **the narcissistic novel, which contemplates itself and its own making, the novel which puts its aesthetics and the process of its own making under keen scrutiny.** Thus all these aspects became the subject matter of the novel.

In the discussion with Lynch in *A Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus explains that **the aesthetic emotion is static:**

"The tragic emotion, in fact, is a face looking two ways, towards terror and towards pity, both of which are phases of it. You see I use the word arrest. I mean that the tragic emotion is static. Or rather the dramatic emotion is. The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire or loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something. These are kinetic emotions. The arts which excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts. The esthetic emotion (I use

the general term) is therefore static. The mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing." (A.P., p. 222)

To Stephen, beauty in art awakens or induces 'an esthetic stasis', a stasis "called forth, prolonged and at last dissolved by [...] the rhythm of beauty." (A.P., p. 223) This stasis, this arrest is crucial to the aesthetics formulated by Stephen in *A Portrait*. As a matter of fact, esthetic stasis is the feeling that arrests the individuals when they have those sudden revelations, which are the epiphanies. In other words, epiphanies are arresting moments of intense experience when things are revealed in their very essence.

Stephen draws on Aquinas's theory when he identifies the three "qualities of universal beauty": their names in Latin are *integritas*, *consonantia*, and *claritas*, and Stephen translates them so: "Three things are needed for beauty, wholeness, harmony and radiance." (A.P., P. 229) Roughly, *integritas* (wholeness) refers to the perception of the esthetic image as one thing; this is to say *integritas* is the perception of its wholeness. *Consonantia* (harmony) refers to the perception of the image as made up of its parts, i.e. as a complex entity, which is therefore "multiple, divisible, separable" (A.P., p. 130), but held together by the first quality. It is obvious that the weight of the whole theory lies on the last quality mentioned, and it is not accidental that *claritas* is saved for the last, since it is of utmost importance for Joyce's own modernist aesthetics. *Claritas* (radiance) is the culmination and focus of Stephen's argument. Stephen calls it "the supreme quality", and it is, in his words:

"The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian psychologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley's, called the enchantment of the heart." (A.P., p. 231)

It is this supreme quality of beauty that Joyce took pains to capture in his fiction, and it is significant that Stephen presents his argument in visual, pictorial terms. It is also significant that although it is arresting, esthetic stasis essentially depends on a musical quality of beauty, its rhythm. In envisaging it so, Joyce developed his aesthetics along lines similar with Woolf's, when she had visions of supreme beauty like the famous "picture that was globular; semi-transparent... curved shapes, showing the light through, but not giving a clear outline." Both Woolf and Joyce translated their aesthetic perceptions into impressionistic pictorial imagery, whose effect was arresting and static. The images, however, had the vibrations of rhythm underneath, which saved them from the stiffness of pattern. Indeed, both were keen on design and followed the patterns of their designs, but pattern was not the supreme quality of their art. The ending of *To the Lighthouse* sounds like curtain falling ("I have had my vision"), and Lily Briscoe's achievement

in painting has often been associated with Woolf's own achievement at the completion of the novel. After finishing *The Waves* she exclaimed in relief: "I've had my statues [her characters] against the sky", an image which calls to mind the art of sculpture and Greek tragedies. With all their pictorial qualities, Woolf's achievements in these two novels stirred responses which associated them with music, poetry and drama. Forster read *To the Lighthouse* in musical terms as a sonata, and Leonard Woolf (Virginia's husband) praised Woolf's *The Waves* as a 'play-poem'. Woolf wanted the sea to be heard all through the sections of *To the Lighthouse* and the series of dramatic soliloquies in *The Waves* to run in and out of the rhythm of the waves. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Septimus Warren Smith has a vision of himself drowning in the sea waves, and the whole narrative flows like waters without any chapter divisions. Both Woolf and Joyce cared for the fluidity of rhythm when they experimented with stream of consciousness; indeed, Joyce went as far as to dispense with punctuation marks altogether and let Molly Bloom's monologue run unobstructed in the last 40 pages or so of *Ulysses*.

The daring experiments undertaken by Woolf and Joyce in the early 20th century were underpinned and supported by modernist aesthetics, which these writers unflinchingly embraced at the risk of the fragmentary and failure. One may as well say that their achievements lie in their courage to face, challenge, and even risk failure. And perhaps their greatest achievement is the birth of the reader at the expense of "the death of the author", whose death was actually a dissipation into the text:

*"Thus is defined the total existence of writing: a text is made of multiple writings, drawn from many cultures and entering into mutual relations of dialogue, parody, contestation, but there is one place where this multiplicity is focused and that place is the reader, not, as was hitherto said, the author. The reader is the space on which all the quotations that make up a writing are inscribed without any of them being lost; a text's unity lies not in its origin but in its destination. /.../ Classic criticism has never paid any attention to the reader; for it, the writer is the only person in literature. We are now beginning to let ourselves be fooled no longer by the arrogant antiphrastical [i.e. using a word in the opposite sense of its usual meaning] recriminations of good society in favour of the very thing it sets aside, ignores, smothers, or destroys; we know that to give writing its future, it is necessary to overthrow the myth: the birth of the reader must be at the cost of the death of the Author."*⁴⁵

It is precisely because modernist art is the conflicting space of so many trends, discourses, voices, strands, styles, devices, languages, cultures, as Roland Barthes argues, that its artistic products look fragmentary, illogical, inchoate, sometimes unfocused. Much of it relies on the technique of collage/montage. Picasso's visual art, Woolf's polyphonic effects of the "gigantic conversation" (the soliloquies) and the alternation of interludes and episodes in *The Waves*, Joyce's alternation of styles, discourses, voices, and languages, his use of quotations, allusions and references in *Ulysses*, all these are instances of the use of the technique of collage/montage in the early 20th century arts and literature. A definition of the

principle of collage/montage was given by Group μ , and it consists in lifting "a certain number of elements from works, objects, preexisting messages, and to integrate them in a new creation in order to produce an original totality manifesting ruptures of diverse sorts."⁴⁶

Thus, after she had finished writing *The Waves*, Virginia Woolf wrote in a letter to her brother-in-law Clive Bell that the novel was "too difficult: too jerky: too inchoate altogether", and to Ethel Smith she wrote that it was "**fundamentally unreadable**". Joyce is also said to have affirmed of *Ulysses* that "I have written something to keep the professors busy for the next hundred years."

Who is responsible for seeing these artifacts in the light of the three qualities of beauty theorized by Stephen in *A Portrait*, which are held to be universal? Who is supposed to put all the pieces together and to make sense of these collage/montages of modernist art? The only answer can only be Barthes's notion of the reader (or else beholder/listener) as the destination of any artistic product.

The last argument in this chapter insists on the **importance of the act of reading**, which is the only means of doing justice to these writers' art. Their texts were designedly conceived to be fragmentary, inchoate, puzzling to the point of unreadability: they were so in order to make readers participate in the process of making sense of their worlds and the worlds beyond them.

TASK 1

Reading

Read Virginia Woolf's essays "Modern Novels", "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" and her text "The Mark on the Wall". Relate her arguments in the essays to the techniques she uses in the text.

To make this reading task more efficient with a view to approaching any of the writing tasks below, you may wish to take notes and then draw a table of the main ideas that will guide your essay.

Writing

Write an essay of approximately 600 words on the topic of **Woolf's modernist aesthetics**.

Alternatively, you may wish to focus on the topic of **the reader as the last destination of Woolf's modernist textuality**.

You may also wish to combine the two topics in one essay.

III. JAMES JOYCE'S *DUBLINERS*

"Reflect for a moment on the history of the literature of Ireland as it stands at present written in the English language before you condemn this genial allusion of mine..."

"It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilization in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely-polished looking-glass."

James Joyce, *Letters*

Although completed in Trieste at the end of 1907, *Dubliners* was not published until 1914, in London, after having been printed and then rejected, on grounds that it was probably libelous, by the Dublin publishing house of Maunsell & Co. Of course, Joyce was annoyed and embittered by the rejection, and in this sense wrote a series of letters to his publisher, two extracts from which are quoted above as a suggestive introduction to the discussion of the book.

In "Joyce the Irishman", Seamus Deane states that "Joyce, like Wilde and Shaw, was a Dublin writer. For him, as for them, Ireland was a negative idea, a place which threatened the artist's freedom and integrity, in which gifts were wasted and language was used as a deadly weapon. All three of them came from families that had been broken by various forms of fecklessness, alcoholism and squalor. They too transformed that bitter reality. Wilde became a dandy, Shaw became GBS, and Joyce became the professional exile from a home he never, imaginatively speaking, left. Yet these three cosmopolitan writers, like the cultural nationalists of the Revival, produced work of a self-conscious linguistic virtuosity in which English was manipulated to the point at which mastery over it began to sound like the mastery that can be achieved over a foreign language."⁴⁷

Writing *Dubliners*, a volume of 15 pieces about the City of Dublin and its inhabitants in the late days of the 19th century and early days of the 20th, Joyce was convinced that Dublin had not been represented before in literature. Thus, he could see no Irish writers who might provide him with the tools he needed to evoke Dublin. In his letters to the Irish publisher Grant Richards, Joyce repeatedly spoke of **Dublin as a European city**. He saw it as a city claimed by three spheres of civilization: the first was that of the British Empire; the second that of Roman Catholicism; the third that of the ancient Europe to which Ireland had made an important contribution. Therefore, the cultural and literary models that presented themselves as most suitable to Joyce in his endeavour to "chart" Dublin were European. To him, Dublin was the second city of the Empire, the seventh city of Christendom, and the first city of Ireland. Since it was so rich in history, piling up layers upon layers of civilization, it had to be made famous in art.

Joyce's problem with this volume was therefore that of the nature of the art he had to develop in order to do justice to this claim. At that early stage in his literary career Joyce knew this much: that **his art should not be provincial**. However, it could and indeed should have **provincialism as one of its major themes**.

Exposing it and putting it in perspective, Joyce was sure that he would make it visible, and from visibility to a chance of recovery he envisaged only a few steps.

Provincialism was the object of Joyce's fierce attack in *Dubliners*. To his mind, it was a disease, a **paralysis of the will**. Therefore, the best approach to it had to be what he called a '**scrupulous meanness**', a style he found perfectly competent '**to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city**'. The equivalent of this 'scrupulous meanness' in terms of style and mode of writing was of course a **combination of realism and naturalism**, which made of Joyce's art some sort of "**surgery**", a formula which enabled him to cut through the wounds of the city and its inhabitants with a view to exposing a gaping, terrible sight. Attuning his mode to naturalism as well as he could, Joyce spared no painful detail, no tiny street corner lingering with the sense of frustration and despair nibbling at the hearts of the passers-by, no conversation, no speech, no social event in which the sense of failure and entrapment crept, no age - from infancy to adulthood - that bore the same awful scar of paralysis. The boy in "Araby" sees himself "as a creature driven and derided by vanity", and his eyes burn "with anguish and anger" at the thought (p. 19). Eveline of the story which bears her name sets her white face to her lover, "passive, like a helpless animal", while her eyes "gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition" (p. 23). She stands there like a soulless stone, unable to move and escape her trap: Dublin. The grown-up man in "A Little Cloud" is plagued by the sense of futility and despair at the thought that his life in Dublin is just waste and "a sense of resentment against his life awoke within him. Could he not escape from his little house? Was it too late for him to try to live bravely like Gallaher? Could he go to London?" Towards the end he realizes that he is stuck, hopeless and helpless, like the rest of the other characters, without any exception: "It was useless. He couldn't read. He couldn't do anything. The wailing of the child pierced the drum of his ear. It was useless, useless! He was a prisoner for life" (pp. 53-54). Mr. Duffy, the key figure in "A Painful Case", feels that "no one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast" and eventually he becomes painfully aware "that he was alone" (p. 77). Gabriel Conroy, the protagonist of "The Dead", also hears the staggering word "failure" rapping in his ears. He feels that his potential is stifled by Dublin and its society, and his attachments are to Europe, its languages and its culture. In Dublin, attending the party given by his aunts, he feels "undecided about the lines from Robert Browning, for he feared they would be above the heads of his hearers. Some quotation that they would recognize from Shakespeare or from the Melodies would be better. The indelicate clacking of the men's heels and the shuffling of their soles reminded him that their grade of culture differed from his. He would only make himself ridiculous by quoting poetry to them which they would not understand. They would think that he was airing his superior education. He would fail with them just as he had failed with the girl in the pantry. He had taken up a wrong tone. His whole speech was a mistake from first to last, an utter failure" (pp. 121-122). The discussion with Miss Ivors reminds him of it, and his wife's affair with Michael Furey, an Irish lad who died for her, increase his sense of failure on every possible level: consequently, as a man of culture, as an Irish citizen, and as a husband he is as stuck as one can be. Miss Ivors cannot understand his attachment to Europe, she cannot understand how and why Irish is not his language, and she calls

him "West Briton", an offensive name. In his turn, Gabriel cannot sympathize with her nationalistic convictions, and he cannot see what she means when she accuses him of political betrayal on account of his writing for "The Daily Express". The last blow he receives is from his wife, Gretta, who has kept the love story of her youth locked in her heart for so many years. At this accumulation of incongruities with his environment, Dublin, Gabriel senses, towards the end and in the end, that "his own identity was fading out into a grey, impalpable world" (p. 152).

It is of utmost significance that Joyce used this blend of realism and naturalism only to turn it inside out, invert it, undermine it, and thus expose its inadequacy as a mode of writing that could reflect on "reality". Like for Woolf, for Joyce "reality" was subjective, a matter of angles of perception. Like for Woolf, for Joyce **the solid, objective world** (with its streets, street corners, houses, rooms and furniture, and also the "solidity" of social intercourse) **was sham**. The deployment of realism and naturalism in *Dubliners* makes the point: it is not only the solidity of real life that is sham, but also the solidity of realism that looks so in Joyce's hands. Although Joyce claimed that the book "charted" Dublin as he knew it in his youth, the taste given by the reading of it is that one loses touch with the concrete "reality" the writer claimed to "represent" in *Dubliners*. Behind words, speeches, conversations, social intercourse, there is always failure and silence. The desolidification of objective solidity and of the realist mode is achieved through **epiphany**, an intense moment when the essence of things is seen. Epiphanies occur within the subject, and they reveal aspects of "reality" that lie behind the solidity of things, and also behind the solidity of the individual. In this respect, Joyce's strategy of **countering the realist/naturalist with the epiphanic/symbolic modes** and of focusing on the latter reinforces the point: the symbolic/epiphanic key is saved for the last effect, which is that of sheer surprise. Realism and naturalism work for Joyce only as an accumulation of signs that will always be given a "turn of the screw": the solid details become sham in the very last lines of each piece, which are always epiphanic. The boy's preparations for his expedition to the bazaar in "Araby" are futile, and his "anguish and anger" are a realization of this futility. Eveline's preparations for her home leaving are futile, and the last lines in that piece are an epiphany pointing to that. In "A Little Cloud", Little Chandler's ambitions and desires, and also his material possessions are futile, and his realization of this is what gives the screw a turn for him. Gabriel realizes the futility of his life and this is what dissolves the solidity of the whole world for him.

This combination of modes of writing enabled Joyce to treat **Dublin as a paradox** and also to mould his art into a formula of clashing contradictions. As Seamus Deane accounts for it, for Joyce "Dublin was an absence, a nowhere, a place that was not really a city or a civilization at all". At the same time, paradoxically, Dublin was "the archetypal modern city", "the single place in which all human history was rehearsed. It had to be both nowhere and everywhere, absence and presence." Deane also argues that "between these two possibilities, his strange language vacillates and develops."⁴⁸ Deane may also be right when he states that although James may have been the first to represent Dublin, he may have been, again paradoxically, "the first to show that it was not representable."⁴⁹ Of course, this reads as a rejection of the idea that "reality" (in any form) could be

“representable” in a realist sense, as objective, solid and palpable, and an affirmation on Joyce’s part that modernist art is a new formula of embracing contradictions and transcending them.

TASK 2

In an essay of approximately 500 words develop the thesis of Joyce’s mixed modes of writing in *Dubliners*.

Consider Joyce’s deployment of the modes of realism and naturalism, which he combined with the symbolic and epiphanic in an original manner and style.

IV. EXPERIMENTS WITH SPACE AND TIME: STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS ONE-DAY NOVELS: *MRS. DALLOWAY AND ULYSSES*

“When I follow with my eyes on the dial of a clock the movement of the hand which corresponds to the oscillations of a pendulum, I do not measure duration...I merely count simultaneities ... Outside of me, in space, there is never more than a single position of the hand and the pendulum, for nothing is left of the past positions. Within myself a process of organization or interpretation of conscious states is going on, which constitutes true duration. It is because I endure in this way that I picture to myself what I call the past oscillations of the pendulum at the same time as I perceive the present oscillation.”

Henri Bergson, *Time and Free Will*

During 1922, Virginia Woolf was working on the essays she was to publish as *The Common Reader*, while reading the second volume of Marcel Proust’s *Remembrance of Things Past* and James Joyce’s recently published *Ulysses*. Judging by these readings, one may argue that Woolf developed a growing interest in experimenting with stream of consciousness and time in her own novels. In one of her diary entries of June 1923 she wrote that she wanted “to give the slipperiness of the soul”, and in late 1923 she was aware that she undertook the task of digging out “beautiful caves behind her characters”. Another diary entry makes a point of “the idea /.../ that the caves shall connect, & each comes to daylight at the present moment”, which is known as “tunneling process”.

Mrs. Dalloway was published in Britain by the Hogarth Press on May 14, 1925, with a dust jacket designed by Vanessa Bell, and in the US by Harcourt, Brace & Company on the same day, with the same dust jacket. [See Plate 8] The hostile Wyndham Lewis, who called Woolf’s novel “a sort of undergraduate imitation” of *Ulysses* in his attack on Woolf in *Men without Art*, is a rather lone voice in comparison to the majority of readers who are very likely to agree with Avrom Fleishman that *Mrs. Dalloway* is the “first important work of the literary period

initiated by *Ulysses*.⁵⁰ As a matter of fact, some early critics of the novel found Woolf's use of **interior monologue** far closer to Proust than to Joyce. While Mark Spilka thinks Woolf is closer to Dorothy Richardson⁵¹, James Hafley dismisses the idea of Joyce's influence altogether.⁵² However there are critics who associate these highly experimental novels as comparable responses to the new *Zeitgeist* rather than in terms of possible influences. Thus, Elizabeth Abel states that *Mrs. Dalloway* both "recalls the structure of *Ulysses* ...and offers a female counterpart to Joyce's adaptation of an epic form."⁵³ On the other hand, John Mephram singles out "The Wandering Rocks" episode in *Ulysses* as a particular influence on *Mrs. Dalloway*.⁵⁴ In her careful comparison of the two novels, Harvena Richter points out that Stephen was an early name for Septimus in Woolf's notes, and that Woolf occasionally slipped in her notebooks in calling Sally Seton Molly, a name made famous by Joyce's character Molly Bloom.⁵⁵

Apart from this rather debatable issue of influences, a more profitable connection can be made between these experiments with time and space in the modernist novel and Henri Bergson's theories. Bergson distinguished between two types of time: **spatialised/objective time** (also called clock-time), on the one hand, and **inner/subjective time**, which he called **Duration**, on the other. Spatialised time is time that is conceptualized, abstracted and divided. **Duration is time that flows, accumulates and is invisible.** The metaphor Bergson most often used to refer to Duration was consciousness and personal identity, a form of "I think, therefore time endures". The point is that Duration rests within the consciousness of a person and cannot be "stopped" or analysed like the mathematical conception of time as a line. Therefore, **inner duration** exhibits no sharp (i.e. spatial) breaks from one moment to the next. Its components (our different memories, passions, sensations) **interpenetrate** and cannot be sharply distinguished. **Duration cannot be measured.** Unlike space, which Bergson saw as homogeneous, static, infinitely divisible, and absolute, Duration is indivisible and cannot be measured in a numerical, mathematical fashion.

Undoubtedly, it is this concept of Duration, a new sense of time, which modernist writers tried to capture in their fiction. Indeed, Bergson's account of the distinction between these two dimensions of time encapsulates the very essence of the experiments with time and space undertaken by Woolf and Joyce in their most daring experiments. The point they made is that the perception of time differs from one perceiving subject to the other. Thus, in *Mrs. Dalloway*, when Big Ben strikes, "the leaden circles" of clock-time "dissolve in the air". Clock-time, the linear sequence of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, June, July, August is dissolved, decomposed, desolidified, while the invisible and flowing inner duration receives prominence and focus. In *Ulysses*, Stephen Dedalus thinks that "history is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake", and it seems that the only way in which he can awake from it is truly an awakening to inner Duration.

The point of these one-day novels recording the workings of the characters' minds is that time rests within a person's consciousness, and as such it varies from person to person. Therefore, what both *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Ulysses* provide their readers with are **polyphonic orchestrations of thinking minds** articulating their

thoughts and impressions vis-à-vis the same stimuli and re-playing their memories of the past triggered by present impressions. In order to show how relative time is and how much it is a matter of personal perception, the clock time measurement of one day is deliberately challenged, blurred, losing its "substance". Consequently, clock-time substance is supplanted by **the invisible, relative, unmeasurable "substance" of inner duration**. It is worth noticing that, according to Bergson, memory, as well as time, is for ever growing and "pregnant". Memories are not forgotten, they are only stored and subject to the whims of perception and recall. Proust illustrated this in his memorable *madeleine* episode; Woolf opened *Mrs. Dalloway* with a scene in which Clarissa plunges into her past on account of combined sensory impressions; Joyce had Molly explode into a series of vital "yeses" while remembering her past, in a stream of consciousness unobstructed by any rigours in the last 40 pages of *Ulysses*. [See Plate 9]

Bergson also held that consciousness is similar to time, duration and memory: it is ever frugal, so nothing is "lost". The time and consciousness of yesterday lives on in the time of today. Bergson was interested in associating this process with **the frames of a film**, which remain stored after they are seen, and there is no absolute present in any one frame. It is beyond any doubt that Woolf and Joyce aimed to "translate" cinematic devices and effects into the "language" of their novels. This accounts for their frequent use of **flashbacks, space and time montage** in their one-day novels. It can be noted that both *Ulysses* and *Mrs. Dalloway* rely on an extensive use of cinematic devices in the way in which their scenes unfold as if they were frames taken by a camera, which focuses on one character or the other to follow their walks and everyday errands, or takes turns focusing on several characters gathered together in the same place, or alternates the sites where the characters in focus may be in the same time interval. These techniques have the effect of suggesting the simultaneity of existence in one place, and also the complexity and richness of existence at any given moment.

Mrs. Dalloway and *Ulysses* are - very significantly - **city novels**: Woolf's one-day novel is set in the London of 1923, while Joyce's setting in *Ulysses* is the Dublin of 1904. To a very large extent, the London and Dublin of those times are "charted" in these novels. However, they also provide their characters with "unchartable", indeed unreadable marks of modernity. The aeroplane writing undecipherable letters on the sky in *Mrs. Dalloway* is an excellent example of the unreadability of the modern city [see Annex 1]. What makes it so is technology. Technology assaults the characters' brains with loads of messages hurtling onto them, suggesting that their minds can neither understand nor retain them. Assaulted by the noise, hustle and bustle and **fast tempo of life in the modern city**, the characters of these one-day novels bracket-off public space and **plunge into the inner "space" of their own minds** instead. Indeed, one may argue that what Woolf and Joyce managed to do in their one-day city novels was to focus lenses onto these cities, their streets, buildings and alleys, only to **eventually zoom out and blur their objective "reality"**. Therefore, it may be said that **it is the characters' minds that space the novels out**. The space of *Mrs. Dalloway* is taken by the virtual journeys backwards and forwards from Bourton to London, from France/Italy to London, from present to past, from Clarissa to Septimus's mind. Both time and space are

circular, and their circles expand to include the invisible connections between the two characters (the same fears and anxieties, the same lines they quote in their heads, the same images, the same streets they pace), and also the more visible connections between each of these characters and their family, friends, acquaintances. The space of *Ulysses* is taken by Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom pacing the same streets of Dublin, connected by the invisible threads of Stephen's need for a father and Bloom's need for a son, also by Stephen, Leopold, Molly, Gerty thinking their thoughts in stream of consciousness passages [See Annexes 2, 3, 4 and Plate 10].

Plot, with its emphasis upon the causality of events, is also eroded and reduced to a minimum in these novels. Nothing much - in the sense of a linear sequence of actions in the public sphere, following a cause-and-effect logic and leading to resolution - happens in these novels. Characters do not do much, nor do they talk much, these novels deliberately running short of the traditional ingredients of realism. However, Woolf and Joyce experimented with modernist ways of compensating for this shortage: their characters think a lot, being less and less bound to the exterior, and plunging deeper and deeper into the mystery zones of their minds, obviously under the influence of Freud's interest in the layers of the psyche.

The term "**stream of consciousness**" was first used in psychology, to convey what was taken to be the flow of conscious experience, i.e. what William James called "mind stuff"; in the brain. The term was introduced in James's *The Principles of Psychology* (1890) to denote the continuous flow of thoughts, feelings and impressions, which, to his mind, is what makes up our inner lives. James was aware of the complexity of this "stream", which does not consist of a single stream of consecutive items, but of many items that may coexist. At any given moment, the stream is divided into things that receive the focus of attention, and those which are part of the field of consciousness albeit they are not consciously attended to.

Whether under the influence of William James, Henri Bergson, Sigmund Freud, or any other psychological thinkers, early 20th century writers were very interested in these findings. Woolf applied in her fiction what she pointed out in her essays, namely that the writers' task was to record this "reality", i.e. the inner lives of their characters. As she argued, Joyce had already risen to the challenge. Other writers such as Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield and William Faulkner developed their own versions of this new "stream of consciousness" writing.

The term was first used in a literary context by May Sinclair in her 1918 review of the first three volumes of Dorothy Richardson's novel, *Pilgrimage*. Although Richardson herself was rather scornful of the term, she nevertheless used techniques that deserve the name, and the phrase itself does express what this kind of writing is: a fluid, subjective narrative, which makes a world of difference from traditional realism.

Whether Woolf actually deployed stream of consciousness in *Mrs. Dalloway* or in any of her most experimental novels has been a matter of debate. There are critics who argue that Woolf refrained herself from going as deep into the human psyche as Joyce ventured. David Lodge argues that in *Mrs. Dalloway* she

used **free indirect style**. Lodge states that free indirect style is a technique that "goes back at least as far as Jane Austen, but was employed with ever-increasing scope and virtuosity by modern novelists like Woolf. It renders thought as reported speech (in the third person, past tense) but keeps to the kind of vocabulary that is appropriate to the character, and deletes some of the tags, like "she thought", "she wondered", "she asked herself" etc. that a more formal narrative style would require."⁵⁶ Lodge's argument implies that this technique could be a **form of stream of consciousness**, the opening of *Mrs. Dalloway* being an example of how the reader is plunged "into the middle of an ongoing life", which "typifies the representation of consciousness as a "stream."⁵⁷

In *The British Novel Since the Thirties*, Randall Stevenson makes a point of the difference between Woolf's and Joyce's technique in these terms: "Whereas Joyce often presents the thoughts of his characters 'without formal obstructions' or any intrusion of his own voice, Woolf constantly interpolates phrases such as 'she said', or 'she thought to herself'". However, Stevenson is ready to admit that the distinction between what he calls **Woolf's interior monologue** and **Joyce's stream of consciousness** "is a fairly slight one". Stevenson's point is that each of these two techniques "participates in the initiative of the 'modern... subjective novel' to find methods which present the inner workings of the mind, rather than the 'objective reality' whose documentation so disfigured, for the modernists the work of Edwardian realists such as Bennett, Galsworthy, and Wells"⁵⁸

It seems that the form of what some critics call "**quoted stream of consciousness**" or "**interior monologue**" was extensively used by Joyce in *Ulysses*. This form employs direct quotation in the first person of the character's own thoughts, sometimes without this being overtly indicated by the use of speech marks. This form represents a character's inner life as a flow of inner speech quoted in the first person, as a **monologue**. Woolf also used this form, which she called "**dramatic soliloquies**", in *The Waves*, though, to Lodge's mind, her deployment of this technique suffers from artificiality. Lodge also considers that James Joyce was a more resourceful exponent of that way of rendering stream of consciousness. The feeling the readers have while running through such passages of stream of consciousness is that they can actually hear the trains of thoughts - often organized by **associative memory** - as they pass through the character's mind.[see Annex 5]

The most celebrated passages of quoted stream of consciousness are Molly Bloom's trains of thoughts in the "Penelope" section of *Ulysses*. The passages are in fact an uninterrupted flow of 40 pages, running without any indentations to mark a logical sequence of ideas, any punctuation marks, and indeed any overt narrative mediation. There is no third person narrative intervention at all. However, it would be impossible to make sense of such passages of narrative fluidity if it were not for the broader context of *Ulysses*, where Joyce intersperses interior monologue with third person narrative point of view.

These experiments with time as it is stored, played and replayed in the human mind invited the readers to interpret texts which looked, even to their authors, as a **form of dispersed, inchoate, often illogical textuality**. The most difficult task for both the authors and readers of these experiments in fiction was that

often non-verbalised sensations, images and feelings had to be “translated” into words and rendered in the form of texts. Therefore, the readers’ interpretive - indeed “re-creative” - efforts had to rise to a challenge that the authors themselves found difficult to cope with. The problem with stream of consciousness (which is circular, often illogical and inchoate) was that it had to be textualised. Another problem was, of course, that the various characters’ streams had to be joined together, and this meant that a narrator or implied author had to do it. There are no clues whatsoever in *Ulysses* and *Mrs. Dalloway* as to who reports and joins everything together. This is further complicated by the fact that sometimes the point of view shifts from one voice to another and the narrator or implied author refrains from indicating the source of the voice. Therefore, readers have to cope with a very difficult task, namely that of sorting out the puzzle and joining its pieces together. It is often the case that a voice can be attached to the character that owns it because it is the image of the respective character’s frame of mind.

TASK 3

In an essay of approximately 500 words, write about Woolf’s and Joyce’s experiments with time in their one-day city novels *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Ulysses*.

Consider their techniques of time and space montage, free association, flashbacks, stream of consciousness. Argue for the experimental nature of these two highly subjective novels and the contribution they make to modernist fiction.

V. ART NOVELS: *A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN, TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, THE WAVES, SONS AND LOVERS*

'Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes.'

'And he applies his mind to obscure arts.'

Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII

This is the motto of Joyce's *A Portrait*. That the quote is taken from a classical book written by a Roman poet in exile may read as a symbolic connection between Ovid's destiny and Joyce's stance as a modern artist. That the book is a collection of verse narratives concerning miraculous transformations may make the motto read as a line which symbolically and subtly comprises in a nutshell the theme of the miraculous transformations undergone by the artist in the title. The 'he' in question is Daedalus, father of Icarus, who fashioned wings for himself and his son to escape from the Cretan labyrinth he had created to house the Minotaur, the half-bull, half-man offspring of Queen Pasiphae and an artificial bull. It is significant that the name Daedalus in Greek means '*cunning artificer*'. This meaning has two crucial connections in Joyce's art novel. The first connection is provided by Stephen's discussion with Cranly, in which Stephen makes his *non serviam* statement:

"I will not serve that in which I no longer believe whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use - silence, exile, and cunning." (A.P., pp. 268-269)

The second connection is made at the very end of *A Portrait*, indeed in its last line, which is a prayer to the "old artificer", replacing Stephen's loss of faith in God with his newly found faith in Art. Here Stephen is both an Icarus asking for support and an Icarus asking that Daedalus stand in his place, i. e. that the son will become like the father and survive to create his own labyrinth. Joyce wove that "labyrinth" in his next novels, and in this sense this last line of *A Portrait* looks forward into *Ulysses*, a modernist "labyrinth". At the same time, it looks backward at the labyrinth which held him captive - Ireland.

The name **Stephen Dedalus** conjoins the first Christian martyr, St Stephen, stoned to death outside Jerusalem in 34 AD, and the great pagan artificer-artist hero, Daedalus. The recurrent allusions and references to pagan and Christian mythology make of *A Portrait* a book that justified Joyce to flee to Europe in a gesture which symbolically reiterates the flight of Daedalus, the prototype of the classical artist, from an incarcerating place (also an island!). A statement of Stephen's determination to leave the incarcerating Ireland and find his freedom in Europe occurs in Stephen's discussion with Davin. There Stephen alludes again to Daedalus and his flight from Crete when he says that:

"When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets." (AP, p. 220)

Joyce's *A Portrait* is not just a novel that foregrounds the rather painful process of a young artist's formation, but also the kind of art this young artist strives to create. By insisting on the epiphanic nature of momentary insight and on the intensity achieved through transforming experience at the end of each chapter, Joyce created a **new kind of modernist art**. However, Joyce's strategy of countering each of these epiphanies and their charged symbolism with constant switches to realistic style and realistic details suggests a **neck and neck battle between old modes and new modes of writing in *A Portrait***. In "Stephen Hero, *Dubliners*, and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: styles of realism and fantasy", John Paul Riquelme argues that Joyce relies on the frequent use of "**patterns of contrasts**" in *A Portrait*: "By alternating and starkly juxtaposing extremes, Joyce arranges the events of Stephen's life without relying primarily on continuity of action. Like *Stephen Hero*, *A Portrait* is episodic, and often there is little or no transition from one situation to another [...]. Emphatic presentation of that pattern actually depends on abandoning narrative continuity in order to make moments that are separated in time contiguous in the narration."⁵⁹

Thus, *A Portrait* contains the basic ingredients of what was to become Joyce's mature art in *Ulysses*, while at the same time looking back at his earlier works *Stephen Hero* and *Dubliners*. None of these works abandons realism, and the question is why Joyce was so keen on this mode of tradition. The point is that Joyce, like T. S. Eliot for that matter, valued tradition. An irrefutable evidence of this is that he developed a modernist style coloured by an often ironical and parodic use of mythology, a mode of writing which has been called **mythopoetic**. He also revived one of the oldest epics in European literature, Homer's *Odyssey*, in *Ulysses*, making that epic appealing to a modern audience. Much as he valued tradition, however, he rejected Victorian conventionalism and its manifestations in the realist novel. By deploying realism, Joyce constantly undermined it and highlighted the undermining at the same time.

As she was writing *To the Lighthouse*, Virginia Woolf was aware that her experiments with form in previous novels had led her a considerable distance from the genre's conventions and she wondered whether the book could really be called a "novel: "I will invent a new name for my books to supplant 'novel'", she wrote, "A new - by V. W., but what? Elegy?" The shape of the book was apparent from early in its development, and did not change. In her notebook Woolf drew "two blocks joined by a corridor", described by John Mephram as a powerfully suggestive figure that holds together in one image the main themes of the book, the diagram seeming to contain in one abstract geometry many of the archetypal ideas, and the varieties of connection and separation that the novel explores.

Leonard Woolf read the draft and declared the book a masterpiece, calling it "entirely new", "a psychological poem". E. M. Forster considered the book "awfully sad, very beautiful both in (non-radiant) colour and shape" and confessed that it stirred him "much more to questions of whether and why than anything else" Woolf

had written. David Dowling sees *To the Lighthouse* as confirming Woolf's success in translating the spatial concerns of painters into the temporal world of print.

In *To the Lighthouse* Woolf pushed her experiments with point of view to the extreme. In Part I "The Window" the reader is bounced from one point of view to another in a way that may look disconcerting to readers who have no eyes for modernist experiments: thus, while the end of the third section in this part is Mrs. Ramsay's, the opening of section four is Lily's, and when one reaches the most daring place in the journey through the book, section seventeen (the dinner party) the sense of baffling surprise is the impression given by Woolf's technique of having the mind operate on several levels simultaneously. This technique can be associated with the counterpoint in music, which relies on two different, but complementary, tunes played at the same time, balanced against each other. This shifting point of view in the first part also looks like the techniques of Cézanne and Picasso: the technique in painting is that of **superimposing several visions of objects from different angles**. The effect is that of objects seen by somebody who has walked round the table, for instance, and put down on the flat canvas surface what they saw from different positions. [See Annex 6]

Part II "Time Passes" is told by an anonymous narrator who tells the story of the ravages of time upon the Ramsays' house, garden, and their surroundings, while the human element is bracketed off. This is a device Woolf was to experiment with in her next novel, *The Waves*. In *The Waves*, the voice of the anonymous narrator is heard all the way through the book, and it is combined with the highly descriptive passages of the interludes. The interludes provide a background against which seven destinies unfold. In other words, what Woolf chose as a "corridor" in *To the Lighthouse* became a background in *The Waves*.

The imagery of "winds and destruction" and of the Hebridean house "sinking, falling" and almost turning and pitching "downwards to the depths of darkness" in "Time Passes" is an echo of her description of the Georgian age as "a season of fragments and failures", "breaking and falling, crashing and destruction" in "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown". A fear that there might be something dangerous lurking beneath civilization was to some extent present in English writing before the war, and Conrad's sense of "an immense darkness" in *Heart of Darkness* may make the point. Still, a closer parallel can be drawn between Woolf's vision of destruction in "Time Passes" and a more recent writing, T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, in which the poet suggested the state of European cultural life when he envisioned it as "a heap of broken images". Woolf related this state of **disintegration to history** (World War I), **religion** (Christianity as destroyed and thrown into question), **philosophy** (the collapse of reason and logic), **social change** (class stratification becoming less and less rigid), **social and moral assumptions** (increasingly challenged), **a sense of social and intellectual instability**. The symbolic significance of the impersonal forces of destruction suggested by the riot of the overgrown garden in "Time Passes" is that the old Victorian and Edwardian patriarchal and imperial systems were falling apart. In *The Waves* Woolf metaphorically alluded to the collapse of the old system by creating the figure of Percival, the hero of an age which dies with him. Of course, this collapse was

associated with the decay and collapse of old modes of writing and the appearance of new modes of writing and art: abstract, angular, difficult. Achievements in this new form of art seem almost impossible to attain, and artists like Lily Briscoe in *To the Lighthouse* and Bernard in *The Waves* have a hard time to paint or phrase their visions and to unify them in artistic wholes. [See Annex 7]

Part III "The Lighthouse" is the last block in Woolf's design. Being the last, it is also a focus, a piece which puts the other pieces into perspective to eventually reach the vision Lily Briscoe so desperately searched for. Indeed, all the images and symbols converge to this last piece, in which Lily-the-artist's point of view prevails.

It is in this piece that Lily realizes that Mrs. Ramsay was an artist of life, and it is now that she becomes aware of the value and force of Mrs. Ramsay's spirit. It is also in this piece that Lily Briscoe tries to find an answer to the puzzling question "What is the meaning of life?", and the answer is: "miracles, illuminations, matches struck unexpectedly in the dark". This answer to "the meaning of life" points to the epiphanic nature of what Woolf called "moments of being". Like Joyce, Woolf believed in those moments when one's mind is "arrested" by the glowing quality of essential things; in *To the Lighthouse*, Lily's mind is arrested by Mrs. Ramsay's wonderful simplicity.

Another thing Lily needs to do is to reconcile Mrs. Ramsay's femininity with Mr. Ramsay's egocentric masculinity, striking a balance, and thus completing her painting and achieving her vision. Indeed, it seems that Lily is the embodiment of Woolf's ideal artist equipped with an androgynous mind, a fusion of male and female elements which she theorized in *A Room of One's Own*. It is only this mind, which Woolf must have always tried to develop within her own self and which Lily applies to her painting, that can eventually dissipate character and reintegrate human experience within an aesthetic shape. Thus, the closing line of the novel, Lily's words "I have had my vision", is a line of simultaneous separation and union, a line which contains in a nutshell the design of the whole book (the two blocks joined by a corridor). This separation-union is of the devastated/freed postwar modernist present and the murderous/fructifying Victorian-Edwardian realist past; separation-union of disillusioned but freer adulthood and idealized but oppressed childhood; separation-union of empowered/enchained, inspiring/inhibiting Victorian mother (Mrs. Ramsay) and cramped/autonomous modernist female-male (Lily).

The Waves is Woolf's seventh novel and the third of her most innovative period. Woolf wrote two complete drafts of *The Waves*, beginning the first in 1929. From the very start, the writer was preoccupied with the form of her new work: "Why not invent a new kind of play... prose yet poetry: a novel and a play", she wrote in February 1927.

In every book she wrote, Woolf wished to convey a sense of "life itself going on". Writing *The Waves*, she was also struggling to create an anonymous narrator, but worried that this device might become too "arty", in other words too artificial. In this new work, she wanted to "escape this appalling narrative business of the realist", which she described as "false, unreal, merely conventional". In March 1929, Woolf repeated that she was bored by narrative. At the same time, she described the new work as an "angular shape in my mind",

and wrote that she was dissatisfied with its **"frame"**. The idea of the anonymous narrator persisted though. Increasingly, her concern was with **narrative technique**: "Who thinks it? And am I outside the thinker?" She wanted **"some device that is not a trick"**.

As 1930 began, Woolf struggled with **how to hold together the two streams of the book's movement**, represented by the episodes and the interludes, and speculated that a **"gigantic conversation"** might be the way to sort it out, a **"mosaic"** that would bring together all the voices.

Woolf completed the first draft in April 1930 and began to rewrite the entire book on the 1st of May. By August 1930, *The Waves* was resolving itself into **"a series of dramatic soliloquies"**, the challenge of which was to keep them running in and out of the rhythm of the waves, which the writer wanted to be heard all through the book. In her diary she wrote that she was writing *The Waves* **"to a rhythm not to a plot"**. This high interest in music and effects of musicality associates Woolf with other modernist writers, who saw these effects as an innovative technique. Turned critic in *Aspects of the Novel*, E. M. Forster treated rhythm as one of the essential aspects of this genre. He stated that it is illustrated by the work of Marcel Proust, being convinced that **"in music fiction is likely to find its nearest parallel."**⁶⁰

After its publication in England at the Hogarth Press on the 8th of October and in the U.S. on the 22nd of the same month in 1931, Forster called *The Waves* Woolf's greatest book. David Daiches preferred to describe it in contradictory terms as **"at once the subtlest and the most rigid, the most eloquent and the least communicative, of Woolf's novels"**. Daiches' description indicates **the contradictory and complex nature of Woolf's modernist art in *The Waves***.

The writer herself felt that her text **deconstructs itself**, and in a letter to her brother-in-law Clive Bell she wrote that *The Waves* is **"too difficult: too jerky: too inchoate altogether"**, while to Ethel Smith she wrote that it is **"fundamentally unreadable"**. The point is that *The Waves* is one of those texts that invite the approaches they have generated, also writing back to the new theories and ideas of their time: the rather unsolid **"characters"** lend themselves to psychoanalytical interpretations, while the **"unreadability"** of the text may read very well in Barthesque and Derridaean terms, its **"gigantic conversation"** standing the test of Bakhtin's notion of the **"polyphonic" novel**. Its **"angular shape"** makes it an abstraction in the line of Postimpressionist painting Woolf admired so much. Its last lines, charged with Shakespearean tragic zest, may also read in terms of an **expressionist 'Schrei'**, countered as they are by the last note in this symphony: **"The waves broke on the shore"**. [See Plate 11]

Nothing is solid, nothing is fixed in this book, and of course this is a mark of **modernism's distrust in solidity and fixity**: each voice, with the significant exception of Percival, becomes central in *The Waves*, but this centrality is only temporary, following the tidal rhythm of the waves. This movement has also been compared with the use of **counterpoint** in music, or with Arnold Schönberg's **pantonal music of the 1920s**. Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* pushed the limits of tonal harmony to a breaking point by using more and more complex chords and

unresolved dissonances. Eventually his music ceased to be tonal at all (i.e. it no longer had a key centre at which the music began and finished). *Pierrot Lunaire* shows the influence of Expressionism in its unsettled, wild atmosphere reflecting the darkness and melancholy of existence. If one cares for this association, then Woolf's *The Waves* is an achievement in literature which echoes the most daring innovations in the music of the early decades of the 20th century.

An obvious innovative formal feature of *The Waves* is the series of **nine interludes in italics**. Reading them through, one realizes the parallelism of form and the effect of gradation in the pursuit of the cycle of the sun from crack to sunrise, then through midday and sunset to darkness in their openings. The interludes may also be seen as a huge canvas, an abstract landscape, against which the drama of human existence unfolds, which is probably why Woolf visualized her "characters" as "statues against the sky". Being highly descriptive, pictorial, but also musical and poetic, the interludes are a background radiating many connotations: while they may read as descriptive of the progression of one day from dawn until dark, they may also suggest other possible associations between this cycle and the cycle of seasons and also the stages of human life, which implies the connection between macro- and micro-cosmos, especially since the nine poetic landscapes of the interludes counterpoint the nine episodes. However, the interludes may be suggestive of a much larger span from genesis until apocalypse.

The two streams of the book are engaged in a subtle dialogue, like instruments in an orchestra, not only through these associations they suggest to the reader, but also through the imagery they share. It is very significant in this sense that Louis's vision of having "lived many thousand years" ends with the image of "the chained beast" stamping on the shore, recurrent in the interludes, an image which suggests a large span.

David Dowling argues that following the descriptions of the room in the interludes is like reading Roger Fry's descriptions of the still lifes of Cézanne. Dowling's point is that "though the room is three-dimensional and changes its appearance as the day proceeds, we have the impression in each interlude of a flat canvas being painted through words to give a pattern of colour, volume and texture."⁶¹

Of all the six voices in *The Waves* it is surely Bernard's that expresses Woolf's own problems with orchestrating everything in the novel. Like Lily Briscoe in *To the Lighthouse*, Bernard may read as an embodiment of the fusion of male and female principles, **the androgynous mind** envisaged by Woolf in *A Room of One's Own*. In the essay, Woolf presents William Shakespeare as the supremely androgynous artist, and also says that John Keats, Lawrence Sterne, William Cowper, Charles Lamb and Coleridge were androgynous. Of her contemporaries, only Marcel Proust "was wholly androgynous, if not perhaps a little too much of a woman". In this respect, it is very significant that Woolf assigns virtually all Shakesperean allusions in this novel to Bernard. Indeed, in his summing up (the last 50 pages) allusions to *Hamlet* and *King Lear* are particularly abundant. It may be argued that of all the minds Shakespeare revealed in the solitude of the soliloquy, it is Hamlet's that most resembles Bernard's. Other literary identifications assumed by Bernard are Lord George Gordon Byron, Shelley, and the hero of a novel by Dostoevsky. This tells a

lot about the romantic aspirations, ideals, impulses and drives which animated the modernist artist both in Woolf's and in Joyce's art novels.

For many readers and critics, **Bernard is Woolf's alter ego**. As a matter of fact, in the final episode, Bernard becomes Woolf with as little disguise as possible. His perceptions of and struggles with the nature of his obviously modernist writing is a fictionalized extension of Woolf's argument with Arnold Bennett about the nature of "reality" in fiction and what the art of writing should be. The nine interludes may also read as Bernard's (alias Woolf's) most accomplished artifacts: standing out in italics as they do and providing an impressive background against which all the other voices just "break" like the waves on the shore, the interludes probably are the kind of writing Bernard (and Woolf) always strived to achieve.

In "Morality and the Novel" D. H. Lawrence wrote:

"If you try to nail anything down, in the novel, either it kills the novel, or the novel gets up and walks away with the nail."

There have been many nails thrust in the flesh of Lawrence's novels despite the fact that they resist being pinned down. *Sons and Lovers* is no exception: before being pinned down, it was "trimmed" by Edward Garnett, a literary adviser who decided that the manuscript was too long, and thus crossed out eighty passages to make it a tenth shorter. That shortened text was the only version of the novel in print from 1913 to as late as 1992! However, interpreters of that amputated versions have read the novel from various angles: *Sons and Lovers*, published in May 1913, has counted as an autobiographical novel, a successful (or failed) exercise in self-analysis, a record of working-class life, an illustration of one or other psychoanalytical theory, a foray of admirable (or unattractive) role models for early 20th century men and women, a critique of industrial capitalism, an example of powerful realism persisting in an age of experimentalism, or as a combination of these viewpoints.

What may justify the approach to *Sons and Lovers* as an art novel is the undeniable fact that the book seems to grow towards the figure of the young artist Paul Morel, focusing on him in Part II. This approach does not exclude the psychoanalytic readings of the novel that insist upon the bond between Paul and his mother. To a very large extent, *Sons and Lovers* may read as Lawrence's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, with all the differences it makes from Joyce's *Künstlerroman*.⁶² The connection between **Paul's art, his mother and his consciousness** is made in a pair of paragraphs in the opening chapter of Part II:

"For many hours she sat still, slightly conscious of him labouring away, whilst she worked or read her book. And he, with all his soul's intensity directing his pencil, could feel her warmth inside him like strength. They were both very happy so, and both unconscious of it. These times, that meant so much, and which were real living, they almost ignored.

He was conscious only when stimulated. A sketch finished, he always wanted to take it to Miriam. Then he was stimulated into knowledge of the work he

had produced unconsciously. In contact with Miriam, he gained insight, his vision went deeper. From his mother he drew the life warmth, the strength to produce; Miriam urged this warmth into intensity like a white light." (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 190)

It is highly significant that to Paul the young artist creation is not a process related to the upper regions of his consciousness; on the contrary, it is a rather "unconscious" process, which needs to be completed by still another aspect - his unconscious bond with the mother. As far as she is concerned: "It was not his art Mrs Morel cared about, it was himself, and his achievement" (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 179). As he makes progress with his art, Paul paints in order to gratify his mother's interest in his success. However, even at this early stage, Paul, the young artist marked by this Oedipus complex which he has not overcome, starts to feel divided: while he feels his mother's silent presence as a warmth inside him as he paints, the content of his art and his thought about it are for Miriam, his lover. The point is that Paul is divided both as a man and as an artist between these two women in his life at this stage, and while the bond with the mother lies within his "unconscious", the bond with Miriam makes his artistic self emerge to the visible surface of his consciousness.

To Paul, creation is also a process of self-dissemination. The description of the young artist's states of disseminating consciousness are achieved in an Impressionistic palette in which barriers separating entities are broken until those entities run into one another and flow in streams of fluid poetic narrative to suggest a process of creation that involves a loss of self-consciousness and the artist's fusion with his universe:

"I look at my hands, and wonder what they are doing there. That water there ripples right through me. I'm sure I am that rippling. It runs right through me, and I through it. There are no barriers between us ... A sort of disseminated consciousness, that's all there is of me. I feel as if my body were lying empty, as if I were in the other things - clouds and water -" (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 232)

In their Introduction to *Sons and Lovers*, Helen Baron and Carl Baron argue that "the dispersal of his consciousness into the surroundings is reminiscent of his mother's melting experience in the moonlight in Chapter One in which Paul, still in her womb, had shared. For her it is restful but for him it becomes a recurring nightmare. He experiences it in the dark, leaning against a stile and feeling so bewildered by the conflict between his mother and Miriam that 'the night and the space' seem to be 'breaking into him'" (p. XXXV). This sense of terror which keeps haunting Paul relates to the two sides of his divided personality: the man and the artist.

It is this double-sidedness that makes the major difference between Paul in Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* and Stephen in Joyce's *A Portrait*. Stephen's medium being words, his mind, although shaped to some extent by the drives of the lower regions of his consciousness, works with abstractions, philosophy, aesthetic theories. Stephen intellectualizes his art, while Paul relates it a lot more to the lower regions of his psyche, to his own physicality and to the mysterious forces of nature, to which

he feels connected. One may say that while Stephen is the cerebral urban artist, Paul is a young divided artist, plunging deeply within himself and relating to the mysteries of the universe to find his forces, sources and resources. Thus, his states of disseminated consciousness are not caused only by his torn loyalties as a man, but they are intimately related to his search to perceive the smallest cell structures in nature. In a discussion with Miriam, he tells her about his attempts to reproduce 'protoplasm' in his art: it is "shimmery - as if I'd painted the shimmering protoplasm in the leaves and everywhere, and not the stiffness of the shape. That seems dead to me. Only this shimmeriness is the real living. The shape is a dead crust. The shimmer is inside, really." (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 183) Shimmeriness is another Impressionistic device which renders the images in paintings vague, moving, without any clear shapes or contours. Like the Impressionists, Paul is not interested in the "thinginess" of things, but in the impressions they make upon one's soul, and that is why "the shimmer is inside, really".

Biology and natural sciences seem to be keys to Paul's understanding of some things in nature which he tries to translate into his art. An essential thing is proportion. There are passages in which Paul sounds almost as "scientific" as Stephen, for instance in a conversation with Miriam about proportion: he explains to her that his reason for drawing roses as "conventional studies" is based on a biological theory "that the force of gravitation is the great shaper, and that if it had all its own way, it would have a rose in correct geometrical line and proportion" (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 240, cut by Garnett). Spencer's theory, invoked by Paul in this passage, was relatively new when Lawrence was young. In replacing Spencer's 'symmetry' with 'proportion', Lawrence indicates Paul's quest for balance in his life as well as in his art.

During Paul's transition to Clara Dawes, his second lover, his dawning awareness of sexual needs, which the ascetic Miriam cannot meet, is indicated by the use of the word 'self-conscious'. Besides pointing to Paul's growing awareness of his own sexuality, self-consciousness also refers to Paul's growing awareness of himself as an artist. Indeed, self-consciousness reads as the process of Paul's growing up into an adult man and artist, which engages higher and higher regions of his consciousness, but never implies an effacement of its lower regions. As a matter of fact, this is a stage when a new split occurs between Paul's artistic consciousness and his love life. His relationship with Clara is only physical, and therefore he does not share his ideas on art with her as he did with Miriam. The point is that now the triangle that patterned his life before has shifted from himself, his mother and Miriam, to himself, Miriam and Clara, while the mother remains in the background, slowly exiting the stage. This is also the stage when he grows aware that the art he wants to achieve is not that of the Impressionists:

"He loved to paint large figures, full of light, but not merely made up of lights and cast shadows, like the impressionists; rather definite figures that had a certain luminous quality, like some of Michael Angelo's people. And these he fitted into a landscape, in what he thought true proportion" (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 345)

At this stage, it seems that Paul has left the Impressionistic shimmeriness and fluidity behind; however, he has retained his interest in a painter of the Renaissance who uplifted the beauty of the body to high art status and he is still in search for 'proportion'. The only difference is that proportion is no longer to be found in plant structure but in the relation of the individual to his environment.

Paul's approach to art is coloured by his relationship with Clara Dawes, an emancipated woman. Thus, it takes on colours and shapes aligned with the suffragette and socialist views of his lover. The conversation with Clara on the Castle Rock leads Paul, as his conversation with Miriam did before, to a state of reverie, only that this time his vision is more in the line of **Post-Impressionism**:

"He was brooding now... The little, interesting diversity of shapes had vanished from the scene. All that remained was a vast, dark matrix of sorrow and tragedy, the same in all the houses and the river-flats and the people and the birds: they were only shapen differently. And now that the forms seemed to have melted away, there remained the mass from which all the landscape was composed, a dark mass of struggle and pain." (Sons and Lovers, p. 316)

Although Paul's relationship with Clara is physically intense, absorbing Paul as his relationship with the other two women in his life did before, only on another level, he never loses his interest in proportion, which is so vital to his art. His talks with Clara are not of art, as his talks with Miriam were. However, Lawrence's rendering of Paul's thoughts in free indirect style at this stage of his life imply that **the young artist lets himself shaped by this new carnal experience**. His perceptions enrich with a sensuality that he may use in his art, and indeed the descriptions of the two lovers' passionate encounters, obviously filtered through Paul's mind, read like **Gauguin's paintings**, charged as they are with wild eroticism. As a matter of fact, Lawrence's erotic scenes in the "Passion" chapter are of the kind of Joyce's epiphanies, those glowing, mind-arresting moments:

"Then he stood, arrested. Clara was kneeling naked on a pile of white underclothing on the hearthrug, her back towards him, warming herself. She did not look round, but sat crouching on her heels, and her rounded, beautiful back was towards him, and her face was hidden. She was warming her body at the fire for consolation. The glow was rosy on one side, the shadow was dark and warm on the other. Her arms hung, slack." (Sons and Lovers, p. 382)

Their love-making is described in pictorial and sculptural terms, with a careful eye for the subtle effects of chiaroscuro. There is something exotic and primitive about this description, which gets it very close to Gauguin's Tahiti paintings. [See Plate 12] The sense given by the approximately ten passages descriptive of its wildness is that of **an almost killing voluptuousness**: "It was a moment intense almost to agony" (p. 383).

The scene when Clara and Paul visit the sea, and Paul contemplates her swimming away is another moment when Paul tests his aesthetic sense of proportion:

"'Look how little she is!' he said to himself. 'She's a lost grain of sand in the beach - just a concentrated speck blown along - a tiny white foam-bubble - almost nothing among the morning. Why does she absorb me.'..."

... 'What is she after all?' he said to himself. 'Here's the sea-coast morning, big and permanent and beautiful. There she is, fretting, always unsatisfied, and temporary as a bubble of foam. What does she mean to me, after all? She represents something, like a bubble of foam represents sea. But what is she! It's not her I care for -'" (*Sons and Lovers*, p. 402)

Of course, these thoughts and this perception relate to Paul's efforts to achieve proportion in his paintings, and it is significant again that this interest in proportion is always connected with the intensity of his feelings for one woman or another at one stage or another of his life.

Towards the end of the book, after his mother's death, Paul, now a "derelict", says to himself that "**Painting is not living**", thus giving voice to the incessant struggle between life and art, body and soul within him. This may be a false clash, after all, given the enriching impact of life experience upon his art, but the young artist seems to be unaware of it, and he lets his artistic and manly self subdued by grief. Judging by these words, one may say that Paul is a less committed artist than Stephen, for whom, by contrast, it is the artistic call and mission that count most. However, this may be a hasty judgement of Lawrence's artist figure in *Sons and Lovers*. Paul's apathy at this stage may only reinforce that he feels the importance of the bond with his mother, which has never ceased and is now physically broken. This pain and bitterness may look like a step Paul takes to undertaking the experience of a new life abroad, which is a decision Lawrence himself made. That he is now a "derelict", with no family, no country and "no religion" to cling to is a freedom Stephen also feels at the end of *A Portrait*. The only difference is that Stephen embraces it with exaltation, while Paul feels empty at the thought of it. The last lines of the novel show us a Paul who has overcome this moment of sheer crisis and who chooses life and, in all probability, the free expression of art that life inspires. [Annex 8]

TASK 4

Write an essay of approximately 600 words on one of the following topics:

- a). The portrait of the modernist artist in Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, starting from the androgynous mind idea developed by Woolf in her essay *A Room of One's Own*
- b). The portrait of the young modernist artist in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*
- c). Impressionist and Postimpressionist aesthetics in Woolf's art novels
- d). Modernist aesthetics in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*

NOTES AND COMMENTS

I. BACKGROUND

1.1 *SHIFTS OF POWER; AUTHORITY AND CENTRALITY CHALLENGED; SENSE OF CRISIS*

1. Matei Călinescu, (1995) *Cinci fețe ale modernității. Modernism. Avangardă. Decadență. Kitsch. Postmodernism*, București: Editura Univers, p. 222.
2. Matei Călinescu, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

1.2. *URBANISM, PROGRESS AND TECHNOLOGY, INTERNATIONALISM*

3. **Protean** is an adjective that derives from **Proteus**, a marine god endowed by Poseidon with the gift of prophecy. An essential characteristic of Proteus is that he was able to change shapes. He could turn into fire, earth, water, or into various animals whenever he wanted in order to get rid of questions coming from the mortals. His dwelling place was the island of Pharos.

4. **Double** (noun) refers to somebody (Septimus) that looks very much like another (Clarissa). There are many things Septimus and Clarissa have in common: both are obsessed with death, which is why the "Fear no more" passage haunts them, both are hyper-sensitive, both feel marginalized (Clarissa - a woman in a society still dominated by patriarchal values, Septimus - the victim of a war waged by a system that eventually crushes his romantic idealistic nature).

5. **Vincent Van Gogh** (1843 – 1890) was a Dutch Postimpressionist painter. He made his paintings subjective through the expressive use of colour and line. A major feature of Van Gogh's original style is the thick brush of colour and the electrifying effect of motion that animates his paintings.

6. **Pan** was the son of Hermes and Driopa, considered to be the protector of herds and shepherds. Pan had a strange look: half human and half animal. He was equipped with horns, beard and goat hooves, and his body was covered with fur. He lived in the woods, gazing at the nymphs. To E.M. Forster in this passage Pan is obviously the epitome of the spirit of nature.

1.3. *VESTIGES OF THE EMPIRE, COLONIALISM, DEMOCRACY, SUFFRAGE, THE "WOMAN QUESTION"*

7. David Lodge, (1996) "Joyce's Choices" in *The Practice of Writing. Essays, Lectures, Reviews and a Diary*, Secker and Warburg, London, p. 136.

8. *Idem*.

9. Jürgen Habermas, (1981(1998) "Modernity – An Incomplete Project", in *The Anti-Aesthetic. Essays on Postmodern Culture*, Ed. Hal Foster, The New Press, New York, p. 5.

I.4. THE WAR

10. Randall Stevenson, (1993) *The British Novel since the Thirties*, Institutul European, Iași, p. 26.
11. Randall Stevenson, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

I.5. THE SELF, ALIENATION, EXPERIMENTATION; THE MODERNIST ARTIST

12. **Scapegoat** refers to somebody who is made to take the blame for others (the case of Septimus in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*). The use of a scapegoat to bear the sins of the entire community is a universal custom, appearing from the rites of ancient Babylon to those of modern-day Japan. The name is derived from the Hebrew ceremonies of the Day of Atonement (Vom Kippur), when a goat was used to carry away the sins of the people into the wilderness, thus freeing them from the consequences of sin. The Hebrew Scapegoat was chosen from two goats, one of which was for the Lord. The other, the sin-bearer, was sent into the wilderness for Azazel (Leviticus 16: 7-10). In Christianity, the scapegoat is used as symbolic of Christ suffering and bearing the sins of the world.

13. Virginia Woolf, (1967) "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" in *Collected Essays*, Vol. I, New York: Brace & World, Inc., p. 320.

14. Virginia Woolf, *op. cit.*, p. 325.

15. **Leviathan** ("Twisted, coiled", Hebrew) was a Biblical sea monster referred to in passing in the Old Testament. The word has become synonymous with any large monster or creature. In modern Hebrew, it simply means "whale".

16. Virginia Woolf, *op. cit.*, p. 320.

17. Virginia Woolf, *op. cit.*, p. 327.

18. David Lodge, (1996) "Joyce's Choices" in *The Practice of Writing*, Essays, Lectures, Reviews and a Diary, London: Secker and Warburg, p. 135.

19. Seamus Deane, (1993) Introduction to James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Penguin Books, p. XIV.

20. David Lodge, *op. cit.*, p. 137.

21. David Lodge, *op. cit.*, p. 134.

22. David Lodge, *op. cit.*, p. 130.

23. Virginia Woolf, "Woman and Nationalism", *Three Guineas*, first published 1938, reprinted 1952. The Hogarth Press, p. 192.

24. **Paul Gauguin** (1848 – 1903) was one of the leading French painters of the Postimpressionist period, whose development of a conceptual method of representation was a landmark in 20th century art. After spending a short period with Vincent van Gogh in Arles (1888), Gauguin increasingly abandoned imitative art for expressiveness through colour. From 1891 he lived and worked in Tahiti and elsewhere in the South Pacific.

25. Virginia Woolf quoted by S. P. Rosenbaum (ed.) (1995) *The Bloomsbury Group. A Collection of Memoirs and Commentary*, University of Toronto Press, p. 58.

26. Virginia Woolf, "Modern Novels" in *The Modern Movement*, A TLS Companion, (1992) Edited and with an Introduction by John Gross, The University of Chicago Press, p. 289.

27. **Marcel Proust** (1871 – 1922) was a French writer, author of the 16-volume *Remembrance of Things Past* (1913 – 1927) regarded as one of the greatest achievements in world literature. The importance of Proust's novel lies in the psychological development of characters and in his philosophical preoccupation with time. Time is in constant flux, moments of the past and present having equal reality. Proust also explored the depths of the human psyche, subconscious motivations and the irrationality of human behaviour.

28. **Arnold Shönberg** (1874 – 1951) was an Austro-Hungarian composer, an American citizen from 1941. Shönberg developed a style that was marked by an intensification of harmonic strangeness, formal complexity and contrapuntal density. Eventually his music ceased to be tonal at all, i.e. it no longer had a key centre at which the music begins and finishes. This can be compared to Woolf's deferred centrality in *The Waves*. Shönberg's famous composition *Pierrot lunaire* pushed the limits of tonal harmony to a breaking point by using more and more complex chords and unresolved dissonances. *Pierrot lunaire* is an atonal work which shows the influence of Expressionism in its unsettled, wild atmosphere reflecting the darkness and melancholy of the text (also comparable to Woolf's *The Waves*).

29. **Igor Stravinsky** (1882 – 1971) was a Russian composer, of later French (1934) and American (1945) nationality. Stravinsky's patterned discontinuities were very well suited to dancing. He was influenced by the music of the French impressionists Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel but also retained a nationalist outlook. This resulted in such pieces as *Fireworks*, *The Faun and the Shepherds*, and the major ballet *Firebird*. Stravinsky's original marks are the clean orchestral textures, the "bright" instrumentation, and the emphasis on stamping, irregular rhythms – heard especially in the *Firebird*'s "Infernal Dance of the King Katschei". Stravinsky's pieces *Pétrouchka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps* are landmarks of twentieth-century music. *Le Sacre* develops on the infernal element of *Firebird* and erupts into an epic "barbarism", so much so that its score has become an icon of musical modernism. The rhythm of Woolf's *The Waves* is comparable to Stravinsky's stamping rhythm in *Firebird*, and this rhythmical "barbarism" is reinforced in Woolf's novel by Louis's vision of the beast stamping on the shore.

30. **André Gide** (1899 – 1951) was a French writer who explored the theme of moral responsibility. This theme, together with his experiments with the technique of putting a novelist (Edouard) inside his novel *The Counterfeiters* inspired Aldous Huxley to deal with similar topics and undertake his own experiments in the same line in his novel *Point Counter Point*.

31. E. M. Forster, (1927)1990) *Aspects of the Novel*, Penguin Books, p. 95.

32. Malcolm Bradbury, *The Modern British Novel*, Secker and Warburg, London, 1993, p. 107.

II. MODERNIST AESTHETICS: ICONOCLASM; IMPRESSIONISM; POST-IMPRESSIONISM; GENRE-BOUNDARY BREAKING; COLLAGE/MONTAGE; "THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR" AND THE BIRTH OF THE READER

33. Douglas Hewitt, *Introduction to English Fiction of the Early Modern Period 1890-1940*, Longman, London and New York, 1992, p. 136.

34. V. Woolf, "Modern Novels", in *The Modern Movement. A TLS Companion*, Edited and with an Introduction by John Gross, The University of Chicago Press, 1992, p. 286.

35. Idem.

36. V. Woolf, "Modern Novels", *op. cit.*, p. 287.

37. Douglas Hewitt, *op. cit.*, p. 129.

38. **Chiaroscuro** is a word borrowed from Italian ("light and shade" or "dark"). It refers to the modeling of volume by depicting light and shade in a bold contrast. Chiaroscuro is a means of strengthening an illusion of depth on a two-dimensional surface. This technique was devised during the Italian Renaissance and used by artists such as Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael.

39. **Iconoclastic** is an adjective deriving from **iconoclasm**. Iconoclasm implies a challenge to tradition, namely a challenge to and the overturning of traditional beliefs, customs and values.

40. quoted by Arnold Kettle, "The Consistency of James Joyce" in *The New Pelican Guide to English Literature*, vol. 7, From James to Eliot, Edited by Boris Ford, Penguin Books, 1990, p. 378.

41. Arnold Kettle, "The Consistency of James Joyce", *op. cit.*, p. 379.

42. David Dowling, *Bloomsbury Aesthetics and the Novels of Forster and Woolf*, St. Martin's Press, New York, 1985, p. 2.

43. Virginia Woolf quoted by David Dowling, *Bloomsbury Aesthetics and the Novels of Forster and Woolf*, St. Martin's Press, New York, 1985, p. 96.

44. Virginia Woolf quoted by David Dowling, *op. cit.*, p. 103.

45. Roland Barthes, *Image-Music-Text*, essays selected and translated by Stephen Heath, Fontana/Collins, 1977, p. 148.

46. Group μ , (eds.), *Collages*, quoted by Gregory L. Ulmer, "The Object of Post-Criticism", in Hal Foster, ed., *The Anti-Aesthetic. Essays on Postmodern Culture*, The New Press, New York, 1998, p. 84.

III. JAMES JOYCE'S DUBLINERS

47. Derek Attridge (ed.), *The Cambridge Companion to James Joyce*, CUP, 1999, p. 39.

48. Seamus Deane, *op. cit.*, p. 42.

49. Seamus Deane, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

IV. EXPERIMENTS WITH SPACE AND TIME: STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS ONE-DAY NOVELS: *MRS. DALLOWAY* AND *ULYSSES*

50. see Avrom Fleishman, *The English Historical Novel: Walter Scott to Virginia Woolf*, Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1971.

51. see Mark Spilka, *Virginia Woolf's Quarrel with Grieving*, Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1980.

52. see James Hafley, *The Glass Roof: Virginia Woolf as Novelist*, Berkley: U of California P, 1954.

53. Elizabeth Abel, "Narrative Structures and Female Development: the Case of *Mrs. Dalloway*." In Margaret Homans, ed. *Virginia Woolf*: p. 96.

54. see John Mepham, *Virginia Woolf: A Literary Life*, New York: St. Martin's P, 1991 and *Virginia Woolf. Criticism in Focus Series*, New York, St. Martin's P, 1992.

55. Harvena Richter, "The *Ulysses* Connection: Clarissa Dalloway's Bloomsday." *Studies in the Novel* 21, 3 (1989): 305-19.

56. David Lodge, (1992) *The Art of Fiction*, Penguin Books, p. 43.

57. David Lodge, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

58. Randall Stevenson, (1993) *The British Novel Since the Thirties*, Institutul European, Iași, pp. 23-24.

V. ART NOVELS: *A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN, TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, THE WAVES, SONS AND LOVERS*

59. John Paul Riquelme, *The Cambridge Companion to James Joyce*, p. 117.

60. E. M. Forster, *Aspects of the Novel*, Penguin Books, p. 149.

61. David Dowling, *Bloomsbury Aesthetics and the Novels of Forster and Woolf*, pp. 174-5.

62. *Künstlerroman* (German) is a novel that records the formation of an artist.

ANNEXES

ANNEX 1

"Suddenly Mrs. Coates looked up into the sky. The sound of an aeroplane bored ominously into the ears of the crowd. There is was coming over the trees, letting out white smoke from behind, which curled and twisted, actually writing letters in the sky! Every one looked up.

Dropping dead down, the aeroplane soared straight up, curved in a loop, raced, sank, and whatever it did, wherever it went, out fluttered behind it a thick ruffled bar of white smoke which curled and wreathed upon the sky in letters. But what letters? A C was it? An E, then an L? Only for a moment did they lie still; then they moved and melted and were rubbed out up in the sky, and the aeroplane shot further away and again, in a fresh space of sky, began writing a K, and E, a Y perhaps? /.../

The aeroplane turned and raced and swooped exactly where it liked, swiftly, freely, like a skater –

"That's an E," said Mrs. Bletchley –
or a dancer –

"It's toffee," murmured Mr. Bowley –

(and the car went in at the gates and nobody looked at it), and shutting off the smoke, away and away it rushed, and the smoke faded and assembled itself round the broad white shapes of the clouds.

It had gone; it was behind the clouds. There was no sound. The clouds to which the letters E, G, or L had attached themselves moved freely, as if destined to cross from West to East on a mission of the greatest importance which would never be revealed, and yet certainly so it was – a mission of the greatest importance. Then suddenly, as a train comes out of a tunnel, the aeroplane rushed out of the clouds again, the sound boring into the ears of all people in the Mall, in the Green Park, in Piccadilly, in Regent Street, in Regent's Park, and the bar of smoke curved behind and it dropped down, and it soared up and wrote one letter after another – but what word was it writing?"

Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*, p. 24-25

ANNEX 2

"Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his scone against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *nebeneinander* ineluctably. I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of *Los Demiurgos*. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crik, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

*Won't you come to Sandymount,
Madeline the mare?*

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop; *deline the mare*.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end."

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Chapter 3 ("Proteus"), p. 38

ANNEX 3

"He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silvered powdered olivetrees. Quiet long days: pruning ripening. Olives are packed in jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons, too. Wonder is poor Citron still alive in Saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky with the old cither. Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly is Citron's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high prices too Moisel told me. Arbutus place: Pleasants street: pleasant old times. Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them in soiled dungarees. There's whatdoyoucallhim out of. How do you? Doesn't see."

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Chapter 4 ("Calypso"), p. 60

"Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box. When you think of them all it does seem a waste of wood. All gnawed through. They could invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding let it down that way. Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's. They're so particular. Lay me in my native earth. Bit of clay from the holy land. Only a mother and deadborn child ever buried in the same coffin. I see what it means. I see. To protect him as long as possible even in the earth. The Irishman's house is his coffin. Embalming in catacombs, mummies, the same idea.

Mr Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I'm thirteen. No. The chap in the macintosh is thirteen. Death's number. Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn't in the chapel, that I'll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. Tinge of purple. I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west. Dressy fellow he was once. Used to change three suits in the day."

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Chapter 6 ("Hades"), p. 108

ANNEX 4

"And the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put a rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Chapter 18 ("Penelope"), pp. 767-768

ANNEX 5

"Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.

For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning – fresh as if issued to children on a beach.

What a lark! What a plunge! For so it had always seemed to her when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the French windows and plunged at Bourton into the open air. How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning; like the flap of a wave; the kiss of a wave; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, feeling as she did, standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; looking at the flowers, at the trees with the smoke winding off them and the rooks rising, falling; standing and looking until Peter Walsh said, "Musing among the vegetables?" – was that it? – "I prefer men to cauliflowers" – was that it? He must have said it a breakfast one morning when she had gone out on to the terrace – Peter Walsh. He would be back from India one of these days, June or July, she forgot which, for his letters were awfully dull; it was his sayings one remembered; his eyes, his pocket-knife, his smile, his grumpiness and, when millions of things had utterly vanished – how strange it was! – a few sayings like this about cabbages."

Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*, p. 5

ANNEX 6

"Raising her eyebrows at the discrepancy – that was what she was thinking, this was what she was doing – ladling out soup – she felt, more and more strongly, outside that eddy; or as if a shade had fallen, and, robbed of colour, she saw things truly. The room (she looked round it) was very shabby. There was no beauty anywhere. She forebore to look at Mr. Tensley. Nothing seemed to have merged. They all sat separate. And the whole of the effort of merging and flowing and creating rested on her. Again she felt, as a fact without hostility, the sterility of men, for if she did not do it nobody would do it, and so, giving herself the little shake that one gives a watch that has stopped, the old familiar pulse began beating, as the watch begins ticking – one, two, three, one, two, three. And so on and so on, she repeated, listening to it, sheltering and fostering the still feeble pulse as one might guard a weak flame with a newspaper. And so then, she concluded, addressing herself by bending silently in his direction to William Bankes – poor man! who had no wife, and no children and dined alone in lodging except for tonight; and in pity for him, life being now strong enough to bear her on again, she began all this business, as a sailor not without weariness sees the wind fill his sail and yet hardly wants to be off again and thinks how, had the ship sunk, he would have swirled round and round and found rest on the floor of the sea.

"Did you find your letters? I told them to put them in the hall for you," she said to William Bankes.

Lily Briscoe watched her drifting into that strange no-man's land where to follow people is impossible and yet their going inflicts such a chill on those who watch them that they always try at least to follow them with their eyes as one follows a fading ship until the sails have sunk beneath the horizon.

How old she looks, how worn she looks, Lily thought, and how remote. Then when she turned to William Bankes, smiling, it was as if the ship had turned and the sun had struck its sails again, and Lily thought with some amusement because she was relieved, Why does she pity him? For that was the impression she gave, when she told him that his letters were in the hall, Poor William Bankes, she seemed to be saying, as if her own weariness had been partly pitying people, and the life in her, her resolve to live again, had been stirred by pity. And it was not true, Lily thought; it was one of those misjudgments of hers that seemed to be instinctive and to arise from some need of her own rather than of other people's. He is not in the least pitiable. He has his work, Lily said to herself. She remembered, all of a sudden as if she had found a treasure, that she had her work. In a flash she saw her picture, and thought, Yes, I shall put the tree further in the middle; then I shall avoid that awkward space. That's what I shall do. That's what has been puzzling me. She took up the salt cellar and put it down again on a flower in pattern in the table-cloth, so as to remind herself to move the tree."

Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*, Part I, Chapter XVII, pp. 126-128

ANNEX 7

"So with the lamps all put out, the moon sunk, and a thin rain drumming on the roof a downpouring of immense darkness began. Nothing, it seemed, could survive the flood, the profusion of darkness which, creeping in at keyholes and crevices, stole round window blinds, came into bedrooms, swallowed up here a jug and basin, there a bowl of red and yellow dahlias, there the sharp edges and firm bulk of a chest of drawers. Not only was furniture confounded; there was scarcely anything left of body or mind by which one could say, "This is he" or "This is she." Sometimes a hand raised as if to clutch something, or somebody groaned, or somebody laughed aloud as if sharing a joke with nothingness.

Nothing stirred in the drawing-room or in the dining-room or on the staircase. Only through the rusty hinges and swollen sea-moistened woodwork certain airs, detached from the body of the wind (the house was a ramshackle after all) crept round corners and ventured indoors. Almost one might imagine them, as they entered the drawing room questioning and wondering, toying with the flap of hanging wall-paper whether they would fade, and questioning (gently, for there was time at their disposal) the torn letters in the waste-paper basket, the flowers, the books, all of which were now open to them and asking, Were they allies? Were they enemies? How long would they endure? /.../

But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold aloft clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags kindling in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore."

Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*, Part II, Chapters II & III, pp. 190-192

ANNEX 8

"Whatever spot he stood on, there he stood alone. From his breast, from his mouth sprang the endless space – and it was there behind them, everywhere. The people hurrying along the streets offered no obstruction to the void in which he found himself. They were small shadows whose footsteps and voices could be heard, but in each of them, the same night, the same silence. He got off the car. In the country all was dead still. Little stars shone high up, little stars spread far away in the floodwaters, a firmament below. Everywhere the vastness and terror of the immense night which is roused and stirred for a brief while by the day, but which returns, and will remain at last eternal, holding everything in its silence and its living gloom. There was no Time, only Space. Who could say his mother had lived and did not live? She had been in one place, and was in another, that was all. And his soul could not leave her, wherever she was. Now she was gone abroad into the night, and he was with her still. They were together. But yet there was his body, his chest that leaned against the stile, his hands on the wooden bar. They seemed something. Where was he? – one tiny upright speck of flesh, less than an ear of what lost in the field. He could not bear it. On every side the immense dark silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a speck, into extinction, and yet, almost nothing, he could not be extinct. Night, in which everything was lost, went reaching out, beyond stars and sun. Stars and sun, a few bright grains, went spinning round for terror and holding each other in embrace, there in a darkness that outpassed them all and left them tiny and daunted. So much, and himself, infinitesimal, at the core a nothingness, and yet not nothing.

"Mother!" he whimpered, "mother!"

She was the only thing that held him up, himself, amid all this. And she was gone, intermingled herself! He wanted her to touch him, have him alongside with her.

But no, he would not give in. Turning sharply, he walked towards the city's gold phosphorescence. His fists were shut, his mouth set fast. He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked towards the faintly humming, glowing town, quickly."

D.H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*, Part II, Chapter XV "Derelict", p. 464

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PLATES



Plate 1
Vincent Van Gogh
"Poplars at Saint-Remy"



Plate 2
"Mr. Bloom"
Watercolour painting by Irish contemporary artist Roger Cumiskey

Detailed Description

Bloomsday - June 16th - is an annual celebration among Joyce fans throughout the world, from Fort Lauderdale to Melbourne. It is celebrated in at least sixty countries worldwide, but nowhere so imaginatively, of course, as in Dublin. The novel recounts the hour-by-hour events of one day in Dublin - June 16, 1904 - as an ordinary Dubliner, Leopold Bloom, wends his way through the urban landscape, the odyssey of a modern-day Ulysses.

This painting is from James Joyce's caricature of Leopold Bloom, drawn in Myron Nutting's studio in the 1920's.



Plate 3
James Joyce's Portrait
By Irish Watercolourist Roger Cummiskey

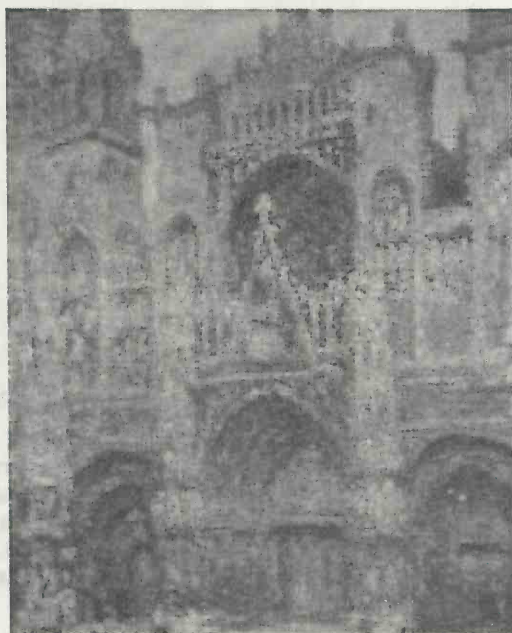


Plate 4
La Cathedrale de Rouen, le portail, temps gris
Dated 1894, painted 1892
Oil on canvas
By Claude Monet



Plate 5

La Cathédrale de Rouen, le portail et la tour Saint-Roman, plein soleil, harmonie bleu et or

Oil on canvas

Dated 1894, painted 1893

By Claude Monet

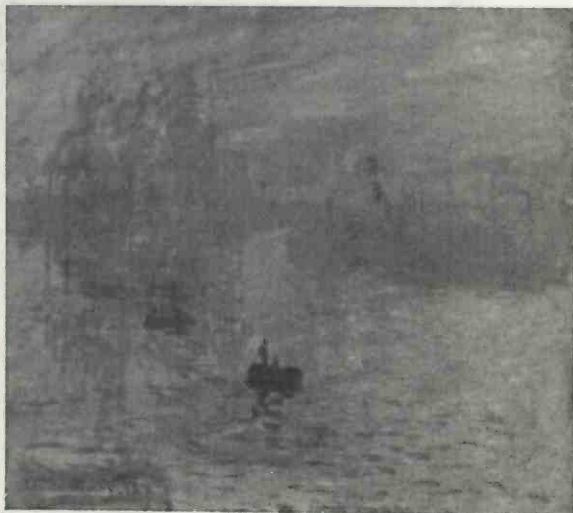


Plate 6

Impression, Soleil levant
1872

Oil on canvas

By Claude Monet



Plate 7
"Nymphéas"

"It's on the strength of observation and reflection that one finds a way. So we must dig and delve unceasingly."

By Claude Monet

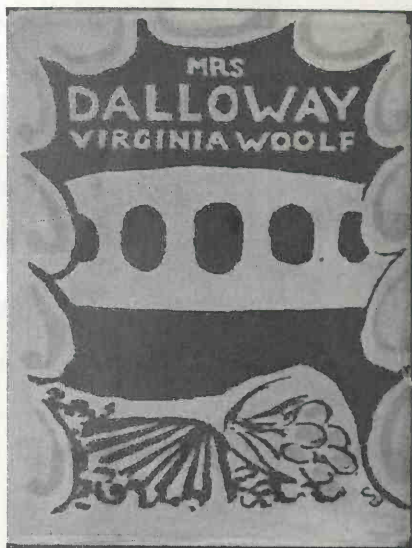


Plate 8
Mrs. Dalloway
 Dust jacket designed by Vanessa Bell



Plate 9
 "and yes I said yes I will yes"
 By Irish Watercolourist Roger Cummiskey

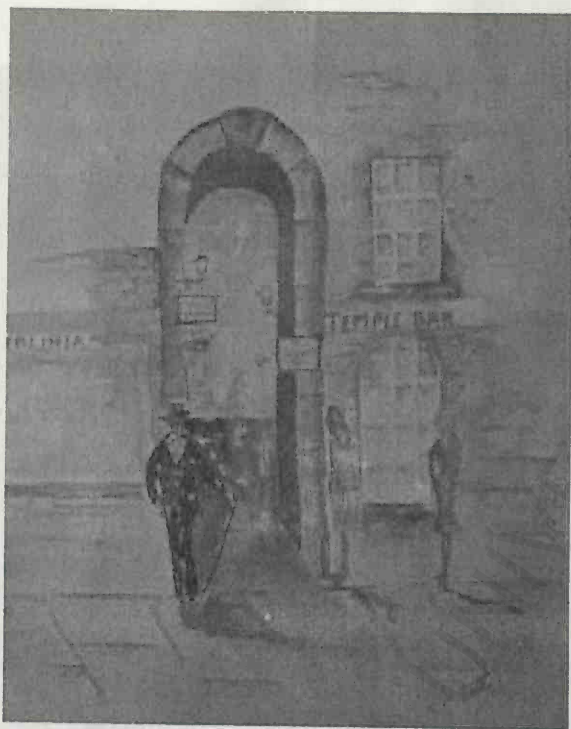


Plate 10

An tAirshe

Artist's Commentary:

An tAirshe or The Arch:

This is a painting of The Merchants' arch in Dublin, which is alongside the River Liffey at the Metal Bridge, also known as the Ha'penny Bridge. Walking through this arch brings you into the Temple Bar area of the city, which is the main tourist spot in Dublin at the present time with a plethora of pubs, cafes, Art Galleries and trendy shops.

Temple Bar is far from the way things were in James Joyce's time. In *Ulysses* it is a poor area of the city where there was a second-hand book stall at which Stephen Dedalus met one of his younger sisters who had just made a purchase of a book entitled, "A French Primer."

When he asked her why she had made the purchase she replied, "In order to better myself." At the time the family were in dire circumstances with barely enough to eat.

This original watercolour painting is based on that story. ©2002.

By Irish Watercolourist Roger Cummiskey



Plate 11

"The Scream" ("Skrik", 1893)

"I was walking along a path with two friends – the sun was setting – suddenly the sky turned blood red – I paused, feeling exhausted, and leaned on the fence – there was blood and tongues of fire above the blue-black fjord and the city – my friends walked on, and I stood there trembling with anxiety – and I sensed an infinite scream passing through nature."

By Norwegian expressionist artist Edvard Munch



Plate 12
Spirit of the Dead Watching
"I shut my eyes in order to see."
Oil on burlap mounted on canvas, 1892
By Paul Gauguin

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